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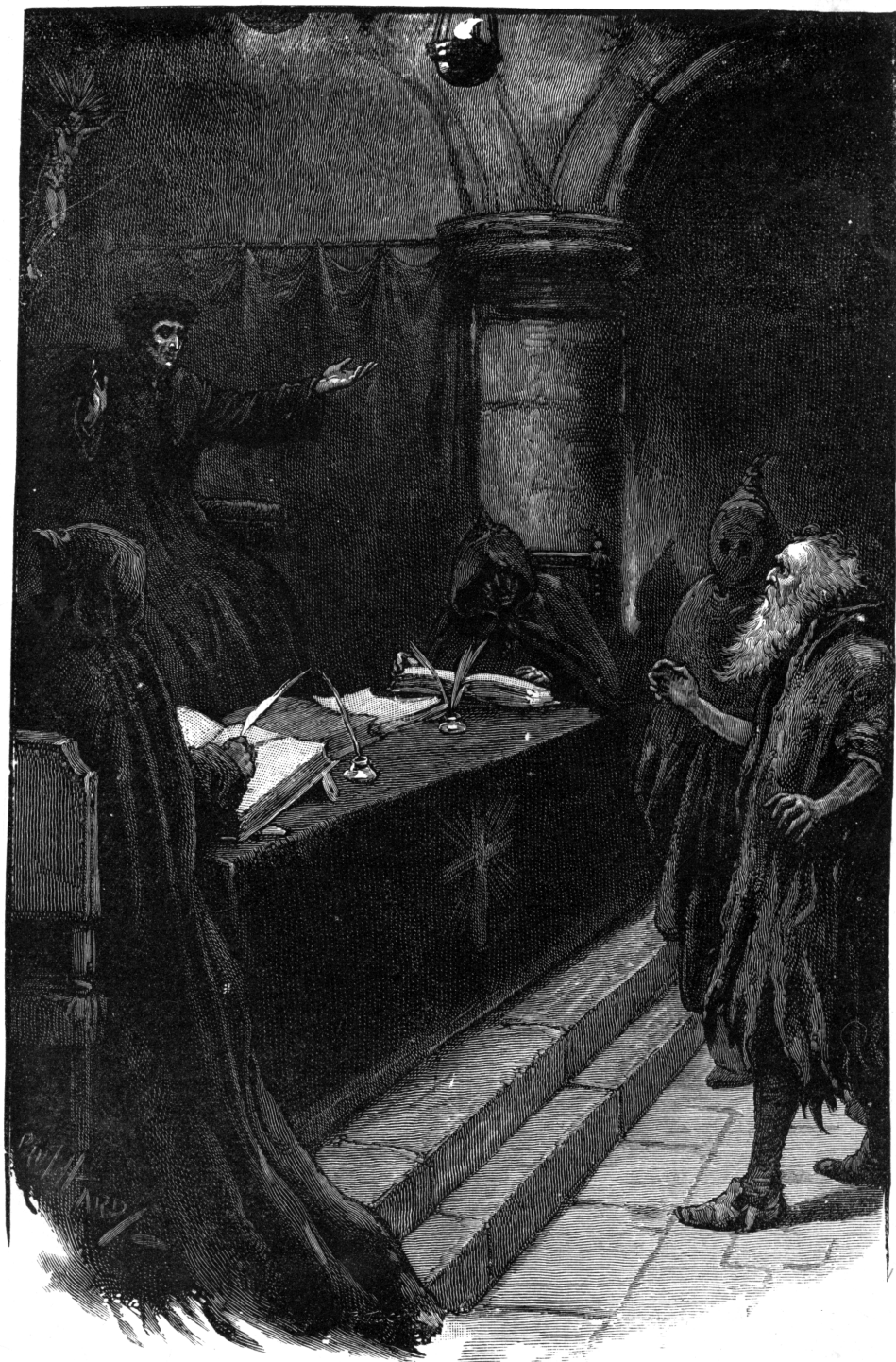
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BEFORE THE INQUISITOR.

The Saving of Karl Reichenberg.

BY ARTHUR PAGE.



"SUDDENLY A HAND WAS LAID UPON HIS SHOULDER."



HE streets of Seville were almost deserted; here and there a solitary human being hurried as fast as the heat would allow to his home, for the sultry air of the evening gave warning of the approach of a storm. Only Dr. Karl Reichenberg felt neither the loneliness of the streets, nor the hush before the tempest; his wild eyes gleamed with excitement, and his steps were now hurried, now slow and uncertain.

Science is to her children as the apple of their eye, and they pursue her even when she hides herself and baffles their long researches. But science has her rewards also, and Dr. Karl had seen a great reality growing out of the deep obscurity in which he had groped so long. He who had toiled through sleepless nights, burning the mid-

night oil, earning from his neighbours the name of wizard, had triumphed at last, he had made a glorious discovery, and had seen the Unseen. Wherefore his heart was glad within him, his brain was mad with a whirling ecstasy of joy, his limbs trembled, and his feet could scarce bear him. Was not he, the poor German Jew, a stranger in the tents of the proud Spaniard, who despised him or else feared, was not he now exalted and his name great among the nations?

Suddenly a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a deep sepulchral voice uttered these words, "The Holy Mother Church hath need of thee!" Turning, he saw two sinister figures clothed in sombre-hued robes which, reaching down to the ground, rose to a point above the head, entirely concealing form and face, except for

the eyelet holes. A strong fit of shuddering seized the poor man, he saw in those two weird forms the familiars of the Holy Inquisition. His tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and at a sign from one of them, unable to resist, he silently followed with tottering feet. All round the high walls of the houses rose menacingly, not a light in any window; above, the clouds hung low and lurid, while a deep muttering of distant thunder filled the still air. Onward his ghostly attendants bore him, seeming to glide without perceptible effort over the rough flagged pavement, his own heavy feet giving forth a muttered resonance on the pathway. In the distance he heard a sound of heavy tramping and loud talking; it was the watch patrolling the streets. Nearer and nearer they came, till he saw the gleam of the lantern at the further end of the street, and a sudden hope of escape rushed to his head, leaving him breathless and half stunned. He would call upon them as they passed, and offer them much money, all he possessed, to release him from these devils. Now the watch was close upon them, was passing, he could plainly hear one telling some coarse joke and the rude laughter it drew forth from his comrades; he strove to call out, but his parched lips refused to form the words, and in a moment they had turned a corner. All was silent again.

On they sped, this strange company, through the inky pall that overspread the city, always passing on, till it seemed to the wretched prisoner that he and his voiceless companions had travelled from the beginning of time, and would do so till the crack of doom, when, on a sudden, his guards stopped before a low doorway set in a vast dead wall, which reached upwards to the

clouds. On this door one of the familiars beat a stealthy knock, it swung open inwards and closed behind them; the darkness of without was changed for the gloom of within. They had now entered a long corridor, at the further end of which a lamp hung, shedding a tiny twinkling light; through the whole length of this passage the familiars led Reichenberg, down a long



"HE WAS PUSHED INTO THE DARKNESS."

flight of steps; down into deeper and clammier passages, where he could feel the icy moisture dripping from the walls, till at last a door was opened, he was pushed into the darkness, and the door swung to heavily. He listened in a dull unhearing way to the grating sound of heavy bolts drawn to, and he heard the footsteps of the two familiars die away in the distance. Then his voice and strength returned to him, and he rose and threw himself against the door of his cell, screeching and foaming at the mouth. For an hour he raved on, and then, overcome by exhaustion, he sank down on the dark, cold floor of his cell. Hours, days, months passed, he knew not how long; time had no more an existence to him, for no light of day could pierce the solid masonry which surrounded him. But ever there came at intervals footsteps that approached, a grating opened, a loaf of

bread and a jar of water were thrust in, and the footsteps died away in the distance. Sometimes he would sleep and dream wild, fitful dreams of unclouded sky and green fields; once he dreamed of his discovery, and awoke trembling, with great drops of sweat upon him. Then the madness of despair seized him, and again he engaged in hopeless strife with the cold and passive dungeon walls. But this fit lasted but a short time; day by day he grew weaker, and the power of speech went from him, and he lay down to die.

One day he heard more footsteps. They approached, and stopped before his door. It was opened, and the yellow light of a lantern filled the cell. Reichenberg did not move, only he raised his sunken eyes as a voice, soft and low, addressed him:—

"Son, thy presence is required elsewhere. Rise and follow me!"

The wretched man raised himself with difficulty, and two familiars assisted him tenderly up the interminable steps and along the endless corridor, while ever the lantern preceded them; and the soft voice spoke again:—

"Be of good cheer, my son, thy trials are almost ended!"

Another door was reached and opened. The Jew stood in a lofty, vaulted chamber, dimly lighted by three silver lamps hanging from the roof. At a table on the further side sat two men clothed in the black garb of the Inquisition, the table before them being covered with large manuscript volumes, and between them was a raised throne, unoccupied as yet. In a dark corner stood a brazier of burning coals, and over it crouched a wizened, bent figure, its face hidden by a hideous mask, occupied in twisting and turning in the flames some curious steel instruments. The whole place seemed to be filled with the echo of the last victim's groans.

He who had spoken in the gentle voice now took his place on the raised throne behind the table, and lifted a pair of wistful, brown eyes full of suffering and pity. Then Reichenberg perceived that he was in the presence of the Inquisitor-General, Don Philipppo del Alguarez, and for very fear had almost fallen. Don Alguarez addressed him in a smooth, even voice:—

"Reverend Doctor Karl Reichenberg, thou art a Jew and a heretic. Is it not so?"

The poor wretch tried to speak, but could not, and simply moved his head, while the Inquisitor proceeded:—

"Thou hast had dealings with the evil one in divers manners and places, and wouldst have sold thyself body and soul to him. But the Holy Mother Church lets not her sons thus lose their immortal souls; wherefore hath she imposed punishment upon the carnal flesh, thereby to snatch their spiritual being from destruction. Satan hath desired thee, my son, but thy sufferings, which have endured but a little time, have freed thee from the meshes of thy wickedness, and now thou art free," and at the words a tender smile illumined his face.

Reichenberg had listened without hearing; but at the word "free" he started, stood upright, and stumbled towards the door. But Don Philipppo raised his arm, and gently waved him back.

"One other word have I yet to speak to thee. Seeing how great a mercy the Holy Church hath extended to thee, she requireth but a slight service at thy hands before thou goest forth; surely thou wilt not refuse to render thanks for thy great deliverance."

Rising from his seat he slowly made his way to the door, and, with the words, "Follow me," passed from the chamber and into the corridor.

With a strange joy in his eyes, the Jew followed him, stumbling again and again in his eagerness, till they came to a high-roofed, spacious chapel, through whose stained windows the glorious sunlight streamed in. The prisoner drew a long breath; this was the living world; he had been raised from the grave.

The chapel was filled with a crowd of monks and priests, all waiting for the service to begin. Through these the Inquisitor led him, right up to the organ, where, taking him by the hand, he spoke again, still in the sweet mournful tones.

"Son, 'tis required of thee to take upon thyself a menial office, yet one that will show thy gratitude to Heaven; for thou must needs work the bellows of this organ. But," and here he led the Jew to a small cell, lit by a single lamp, "thou must not let the wind fail, or surely a terrible doom will be thine; for yon great block" (pointing to a black mass which seemed to hang from the roof) "will descend and crush out thy life. But fear not, thy task is light, and soon shalt thou be free in the light of day."

With these words, he closed the massive cage-like door upon the Jew, bolting and

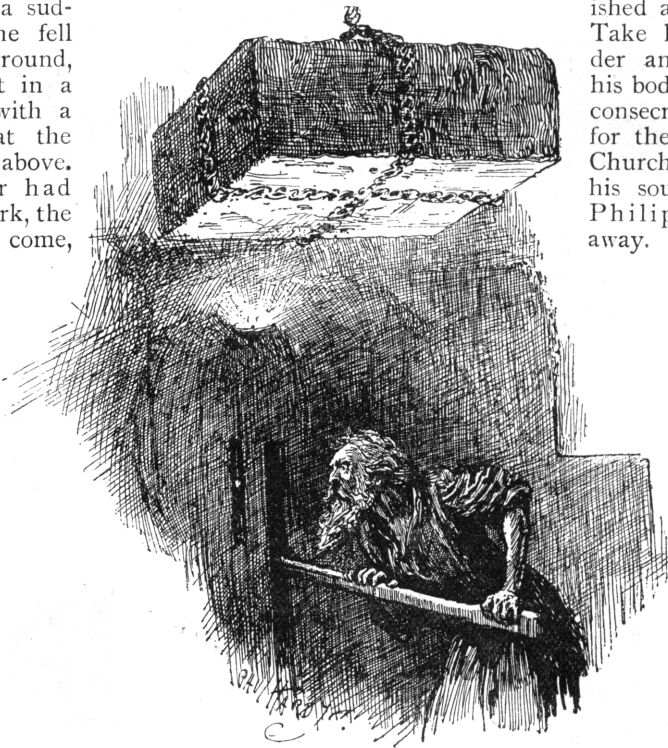
barring it securely. Reichenberg seized the wooden lever, and with a convulsive energy depressed and raised it. From without there came the sweet, deep tones of the voluntary; then this ceased, and the whole congregation joined in the triumphant notes of the *Gloria in excelsis*. Gradually, to his horror, Reichenberg found that his frame, never physically strong, had been so wasted by the horrors of confinement that he could hardly keep the little leaden register below the mark that showed the wind in the bellows was exhausted. To his fevered brain the cell was peopled with devils taunting him, pulling up that little piece of lead on which his life hung, till it seemed to fly up towards the mark, and pointing with mocking gestures to the overhanging mass; and, strangest of all, they every one had the same face, a countenance grave and melancholy, lit up by a sad, sweet smile, the face of the Grand Inquisitor.

Seized with a sudden despair, he fell down on the ground, and lay almost in a faint, gazing with a horrid stare at the great weight above. The register had reached the mark, the moment had come,

when, with a spring, the Jew hurled himself on the wooden arm, and, with redoubled strength, again filled the bellows with air. Then the triumphal chant changed to the soft tones of the *Nunc dimittis*; the leaden register moved but slowly up the wall, and Reichenberg knew his task was almost ended. But the lever seemed to have grown heavier, he could hardly move it; he could not, his arm was weaker than a child's, and he sank back on the ground. With his eye fixed on the register he saw it mount slowly up to the mark, while the sweet chords rose and fell outside in the chapel. It had almost reached the top. He strove to rise, fell back, and the notes of the last chord ended in a despairing shriek, drowned by the fall of a heavy mass.

The door opened, and the Inquisitor entered with four familiars.

"His task is finished and he is free. Take him from under and carry forth his body, and lay it in consecrated ground, for the Holy Mother Church hath saved his soul;" and Don Philipppo turned away.



Illustrated Interviews.

No. VIII.—SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.



From a Photo. (17)

THE CORRIDOR.

[Elliott & Fry.]

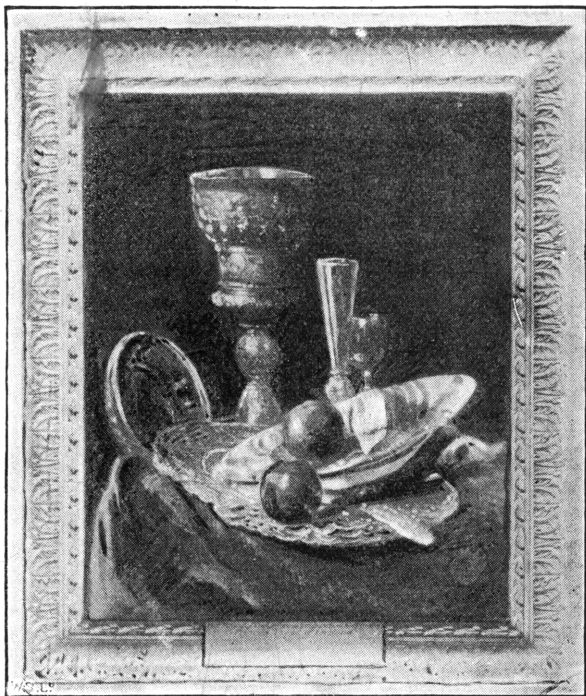


YOU could not readily escape noticing the residence of the famous specialist in Harley-street, Cavendish-square. Irrespective of the brass plate on the door, the somewhat gloomy appearance of the exterior is relieved by trailing ivy round the windows, the clinging tendrils of which hang over the balcony. But the distinctly dismal impression created by "outside appearances" disappears when once the door has been opened, and opportunities are afforded of exploring the "interior." Interest is gathered round every object one meets. Sir Morell's whole life has been a veritable run of professional adventure, and, much of his work being really historical, one expects to find about the place many reminiscences of his brilliant career—a career rendered more striking from the indisputable fact that incessant work, and purpose not to be turned aside, has had as much to do in winning him the position he now holds in the world of medicine as the marvellous skill he has shown in the diagnosis of the various forms of disease to

which he has given his particular attention.

Immediately on entering, just opposite a convenient weather-dial, is a portrait of the Empress Frederick. She has written an inscription on it in pencil—"To Sir Morell Mackenzie, the faithful and devoted friend and medical attendant of the Emperor, Frederick III. of Germany. Victoria. Charlottenburg, May, 1888." The portrait is an excellent photograph of the oil painting by Angeli which hangs in the Royal Academy at Berlin. It was taken soon after our Princess Royal first went to Germany; but, though painted so many years ago, it is still thought to give the expression of the august personage better than any modern portrait. On passing through another door a long corridor is entered. From this corridor access is obtained to the library, to the dining-room, and two consulting-rooms. In a corner of this vestibule is a fine specimen of carving in oak; the exterior presents a grand cabinet dated 1647, within is a lift communicating with the kitchen. At intervals along the corridor are fine vases and a number

of works of art of importance—an etching, by Herkomer, of the Earl of Londes-



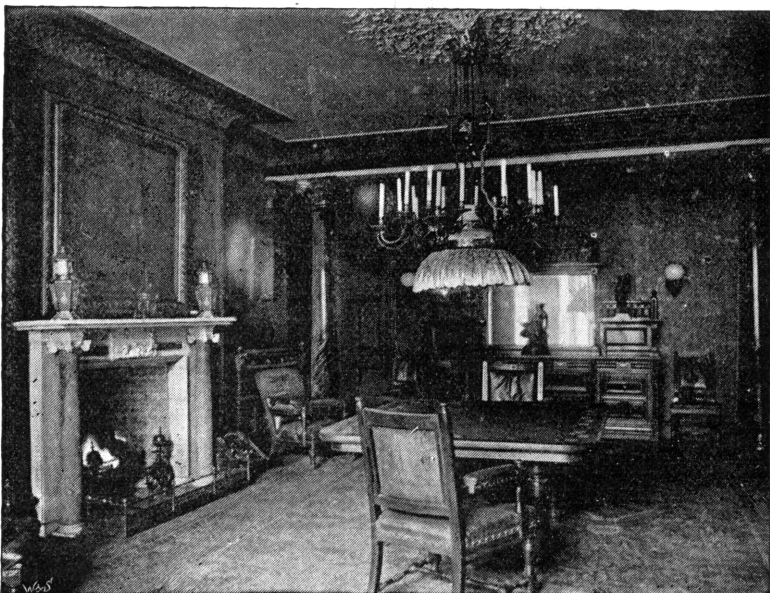
Painted by the

FRUIT-PIECE [*Empress Frederick of Germany.*]

borough, a full-length oil painting of the master of the house; whilst the companion picture to this is an admirable likeness of Sir Morell's father in old-time black cravat and cut-away coat. A portrait group of the Laryngological Section of the "International Medical Congress, Copenhagen, 1884," shows Sir Morell in the centre, having on either side of him Dr. W. Meyer, of Copenhagen, and Professor Schnitzler, of Wein. Close by is Leslie Ward's famous cartoon of

Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Corney Grain—and near this is a painting by a Royal brush—a group of fruit and antique flagon. The inscription reads: "Her Majesty the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Royal of England. Presented by Her Majesty to Sir Morell Mackenzie."

Just as I am entering the dining-room a fine dachshund of rich brown colour comes dashing along the passage. It answers to the name of "Moritz," and follows us into the room, where it perches on its hind legs on one of the chairs as soon as the repast is brought in. "Moritz" is a twin. "Max" was its birth-mate. They both belonged to the late Emperor Frederick. "Moritz" was sent as a present from the late Emperor to Sir Morell, whilst "Max" found a home on the Royal hearthrug of the Princess Victoria of Prussia. The dining-room is very spacious, and at one end the ceiling is supported by two massive red granite pillars. The mantelpiece is of marble exquisitely carved, over which is an oil painting by the late George Chapman of one of Sir Morell's daughters—Mrs. McKenna—as a child in a white frock tied up with



From a Photo. by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

a great red sash, romping with a black retriever. Excellent pictures are also here of Sir Morell and Lady Mackenzie. The furniture is of oak, and there are some grand cabinets on which are many beautiful bronzes. The outlook from the dining-room is not calculated to inspire one with rural thoughts—chimney-pots and ugly, far-from-interesting brick walls abound; for which reason the glass in the window is embossed and the view is lost.

Ascending the staircase—which is decorated in Pompeian style, the centre of each plaque containing beautifully drawn and delicately coloured figures—the drawing-room is reached. This is really two apartments thrown into one. Immense vases of everlasting grass, with ivy playing about the wall, are everywhere—bowls and baskets, dishes and trays, are full of

flowers, for Sir Morell is fond of this form of natural decoration. The cabinets are filled with Chinese ware. On one is a case of curios—silver daggers, crosses, Japanese wings, snuff-boxes, goblets, and, if I mistake not, a tiny model in silver of "Moritz." Just by stands an equally tiny silver chariot drawn by diminutive oxen. Many tokens of Royal favour are here in the form of portraits. Pictures of members of Sir Morell's family are scattered about. The hoof of a horse used as a match-box has an engraved plate upon it which reads, "Beauty—January, 1878." "Beauty" was a great favourite of its master, and a family pet. His memory is thus preserved. I am reminded that Sir Morell breaks-in all his own harness horses, and that he never drives animals under six years of age.



From a Photo. by]

THE DRAWING-ROOM (FROM THE CONSERVATORY).

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

THE CONSULTING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

At the far end of the drawing-room is a rockery, where the greenest of ferns and indoor plants are thriving in abundance. A heavy Sèvres vase is pointed out to me near the windows which overlook Harley-street. "It was a present," said Sir Morell, "from a lady who was suffering from cancer. I only saw her once. When she died I received a note from her executors saying that she had bequeathed me a vase, and if I would send down to Sydenham I might have it. I sent down a man for this purpose. He returned empty-handed—he could not move it. Finally I despatched three men, who brought it up."

Curiosity is

inseparable from an eminent doctor's consulting-room, and, seeing that Sir Morell has two such apartments, it is probable that my curiosity was twofold as I hurried down the stairs into the long corridor again. Both of these



From a Photo. by]

THE CONSULTING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

rooms are as distinctly different as possible.

The first one I entered is probably the more frequently used. It was in this room that the late Emperor Frederick used to sit when engaged with Sir Morell. Although a remarkably foggy day, the room was fragrant with the perfume of roses; blossoms from Nice were in vases on the writing-table, and in many an odd corner; flowers were even mingled with the shiny instruments neatly set out on another table. By this table I stood for a moment, and looked at a high-backed oaken chair upholstered in

Majesty the Queen, the Empress Frederick, and the Marchioness of Lorne. Hanging on the walls and on various supports are etchings of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry as *Marguerite* and *Portia*, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Edmund Yates, M. Jean de Reske, Madame Patti, Madame Albani, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "The Ironmaster," Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and Lady Monckton, all of whom at some time or another have entered this room. On a single shelf running round the apartment are books. Many are the curios to be seen—quaint old watches, old-fashioned china, and other



From a Photo, by]

THE ACTORS' TESTIMONIAL.

[Elliott & Fry.

brown leather. It was the chair in which the Emperor Frederick used to sit.

The portraits are countless. On the mantel-board—where, by the fireplace, a pair of fine young foxes are ingeniously utilised for the purpose of supporting a wastepaper basket—are autographed pictures of Her

much-sought-after knick-knacks. Here is a silent clock, of which never a single tick is heard, and which requires winding but once a year. The inscription on an immense silver bowl mounted on an oak pedestal, says: "To Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., a grateful tribute of admiration and

regard from those whose names are inscribed in this bowl. July 6, 1869." Inside the bowl are exact fac-simile signatures of the subscribers, and amongst those which glisten I notice those of Ellen Terry, Henry Irving, John Hare, Tom Thorne, Henry Neville, W. H. Kendal, Wilson Barrett, Brandon Thomas, John Billington, and Edward Terry. Inside this case are a number of presents from patients, whilst a portrait of one of Sir Morell's daughters finds a place on the glass top.

Possibly, however, the most interesting part of the room is that nearest the historical chair already referred to. Just beneath a large picture of Madame Pauline Lucca is a crimson plush frame, containing a portrait of the late Emperor Frederick in the same uniform as he wore on the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee. Another portrait of him bears date of 1863, and shows him in Highland dress, whilst close by are portraits, taken some years ago, of his

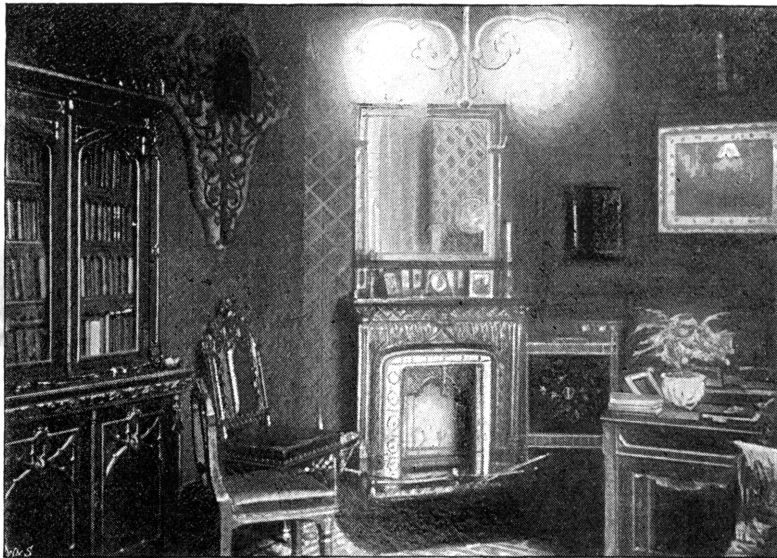
other matter impressively shows the love Her Majesty had for the late Emperor. The other letter—part of which only is shown—is from the Emperor to Sir Morell. The Emperor used very large-sized note, edged with black, and wrote a remarkably bold, clear hand. It reads:—

"Charlottenburg, April 10, 1888.

"MY DEAR SIR MORELL,—You were called to me by the unanimous wish of my German medical attendants. Not knowing you myself, I had confidence in you in consequence of their recommendation. But I soon learnt to appreciate you from personal experience."

The second consulting-room is reached by passing through a small dispensary. On the white walls of this substantial medicine cabinet are rough notes by Sir Morell—pencil reminders to see such and such patients. This second apartment is known as "The Gothic Room"—every article of furniture in it is of that period. It is almost

like entering a small chapel—there is an air of quietude about the place almost approaching sanctity which is most impressive. The pictures on the walls are Scriptural, principally of the Italian school. At the far end is a stained glass window, at the foot of which is a lappet with embroidered lace hangings. Gilt vases and candles are set out on the various shelves. By the side of the bookcase is a huge wrought



From a Photo. by]

THE GOTHIC ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

three daughters, dressed in plain white muslin dresses.

Two important letters are framed here in gilt supports, surmounted with Royal coronets. One is in German, written on buff notepaper, with a deep black edging. It was from the Queen to her late son-in-law. Although I am not permitted to give the contents of it, I may say that it is to the purport that Her Majesty intends conferring a knighthood upon Sir Morell, whilst the

iron cross, an excellent specimen of sixteenth century work. In the centre of the cross is a little cabinet containing a statue of the Virgin Mary, before which a light is kept continually burning. This cross was "picked up" with several others in the Austrian Tyrol by the Empress Frederick, who gave it to Sir Morell in 1888. She has also one hanging over her bed in her palace in Berlin. This apartment is lit with the electric light—as indeed are all the rooms—

and it may be interesting to many to know that the picture of The Gothic Room in these pages was obtained with this artificial light.

It was in the first-mentioned consulting-room that Sir Morell and I sat down by the fire and talked together. The eminent physician is of medium height, clean shaven, and has an expression of great kindness and sympathy. He talks in measured tones, and in many ways our conversation resembled a consultation—every word was uttered with remarkable discretion and care. A patient puts as much trust in his doctor as a client in his lawyer. The medical world and the legal community do not betray confidences—hence the demeanour of Sir Morell on some points displays the utmost caution. At other times he talked with freedom and gaiety—there was not a tinge of “the profession” about him.

Sir Morell was born at Leytonstone in 1837, and comes of a distinguished medical family. He was educated at a private school at Walthamstow, under the care of Dr. Greig, where he remained until he was sixteen years of age. He was always passionately fond of natural history, and this possibly had something to do with turning his thoughts towards medicine. He always wanted to enter the medical profession, but the cost of the necessary education was too great for his mother—his father being dead at this time—so that it seemed probable that a commercial career was to fall to his lot. Whilst the majority of his schoolfellows went to India, he, on saying “good-bye” to Dr. Greig, started life as a junior clerk in the Union Assurance Company, where he remained for two years. However, in 1856 a relation came forward, and the young clerk was sent to the London Hospital.

Here he greatly distinguished himself, winning the senior gold medal for surgery, and the senior gold medal for clinical medicine.

“In 1858 I went to Paris—after passing my exams.—where I spent a useful year,” said Sir Morell, “and from there to Vienna and Pesth. It was at the latter city that I met Professor Czermak, who was just then devoting much time and labour to the laryngoscope. I really went to see the city, but I came across an instrument which at once claimed my every thought. I saw what a future there was

for it, and a great friendship sprang up between Czermak and myself. On my return to England, I brought the instrument back with me, and directed my whole attention to it. I was then appointed resident medical officer at the London Hospital. Immediately cases came pouring in from all parts, and we would publish those of the deepest interest which had been examined with the aid of the laryngoscope. Let me describe this instrument in a few simple words. It consists of a mirror put at the back of the throat which conveys a light into the windpipe, at the same time receiving

the image of the illuminated part upon the surface. An ordinary optician could make one. It is very difficult to use on young children, though really I have succeeded in operating on little ones of three and four years of age.

“I look back on those days at the London Hospital with infinite pleasure. Many, many poor people were seen, and often I would visit some of the most wretched abodes. But the poorer class are impressively appreciative. Their appreciation runs the length of their pockets, and some of the little tokens of thankfulness I received, though small in value, bore much



From a Photo. by] SIR MORELL MACKENZIE. [Elliott & Fry.



"EARLY DAYS IN THE EAST END."

meaning. Apples, oranges, packets of sweets, and small bags of nuts would come, accompanied by a letter." And then I learnt of a very happy custom of Sir Morell's, of assuring his smaller East-end patients that it was "all right," and they "would soon be well." He would take toys into these squalid dwellings, and, putting a horse and cart, or a doll, at the foot of the bedside, so that the little sufferer could see it easily, and look upon it as something worth winning, he would promise it to the child as soon as its throat had been examined. In many ways he became a friend to dwellers in the East. It meant hard work for the young doctor. In the daytime he was seeing patients, whilst every moment of leisure was devoted to inventing all sorts of instruments to be used in conjunction with the laryngoscope. On his leaving the Hospital as resident medical officer, he was appointed visiting physician, which meant he had to visit there twice a week to see out-patients.

His course was now fully decided—he would make a speciality of throat diseases. In 1863 he established the Throat Hospital in Golden-square. It began as a small dispensary, with a couple of rooms, but it

grew and grew until it assumed the proportions of a great building, affording relief to thousands of people, and Sir Morell still remains its consulting physician.

"About this time," resumed Sir Morell, "I was lecturing very frequently on Physiology. I soon got into a large private practice. I took a house in George-street, Hanover-square, thence removed to Weymouth-street, and finally, in 1870, to my present abode. You ask me for a typical day's work. From 9 a.m. to 10 a.m. I visit bad cases. From 10 to 2 I am being consulted here. In the afternoon I am out again. In the evening I take notes of my cases, and when a spare hour for recreation comes to me, I find relief in a game of chess—my favourite amusement. I can get through fifty or sixty cases in a day. Old patients can be seen very quickly—five minutes; new cases—twenty minutes or half an hour. They come from all parts of the world—New Zealand, Australia, India. It was from America—Milwaukee—that I received the offer of my largest fee. I was offered £5,000 to go out and see one individual case, but I was unable to accept it, for at that time I was attending the late Emperor.

"One very curious fee I once received



"HERE IT IS, AND THANK YOU VERY MUCH."

came about as follows. An old man came to see me here. I examined his throat, and at once saw it was in a terribly bad state. I asked him why he had not come to see me sooner. His reply amused me very much.

"'You see, sir,' he said, 'I hadn't got a guinea. I always thought a physician wouldn't see anybody without a spade guinea, and at last I've got one. Here it is, and thank you very much.'"

It is as interesting as it is gratifying to hear Sir Morell give favourable accounts of the throats of some famous actors and singers. He is often called upon to restore the voices of vocalists just for the night—a medical feat which he performs with the utmost skill. For years Madame Albani never consulted any doctor about her throat. She was always afraid of being made worse. Finally she went to Sir Morell. Madame Albani has a fine, well-developed throat. Sir Morell assured me that an examination of Madame Patti's throat gave him the secret of the creation of her beautiful notes. The great singer cares for it so well that to-day it absolutely shows no sign of wear, and resembles the throat of a young girl. Madame Pauline Lucca has a grand throat, and one is not surprised to hear that Sims Reeves takes more care of his throat than any vocalist living. Mr. Irving has a very sound throat.

As his intimates know, the eminent actor's stage voice is entirely different from his natural voice, but the constant employment of his theatrical tones has done no harm. Referring to Mr. Toole, Sir Morell simply said in a very happy way, "I had great difficulty in examining him." Those who know the comedian will readily understand this.

"The great thing," prescribed Sir Morell, "is to try and harden the throat; do not wrap it up too much. Endeavour to make the neck as capable of exposure as the

face. We do not cover up our faces, and they are practically the hardest part of our bodies. Of course, when a person gets to a certain age it is too late for this. Keep the throat free from wrappings. The throat is the entrance to the lungs—a very vital part, narrow and tender. The great feather boas and Medici collars which ladies wear round the neck, and the stifling mufflers which men put on, are calculated to do harm. I recommend turn-down collars. Gargling with cold salt water in the morning is a very excellent thing, also bathing the throat, first with very hot water, and then with very cold. The throat gets the effect of a sudden shock."

Then our conversation briefly reverted to Sir Morell's memorable connection with the late Emperor of Germany.

"It was in the May of 1887," the physician said, "that I received a summons to go immediately to Berlin. The telegram came at nine o'clock one evening, and I was away by the first train next morning. On my arrival, I at once saw the Crown Prince. My examination only lasted a few minutes. I felt it was a very doubtful case, and I told all the Crown Prince's regular doctors, who were in the room, frankly what I thought. The Crown Prince seemed to be possessed of much *sang froid*; he was quite happy. His extreme courtesy impressed me most. He thanked

me most heartily for coming. I saw him again the next day, and was more than ever convinced of my previous impressions."

All the world knows the course of events which followed. Sir Morell assured me that his illustrious patient never once asked what he (the physician) thought of his case; never once said, "Do you think I shall recover?" The Royal personage was very fond of talking about England, and particularly Scotland. When Sir Morell was out walking or driving with him, the late Emperor was never happier than when telling stories of Frederick the Great. He pointed out the mill at Potsdam—famous for the historical dispute between the miller and his noble ancestor.

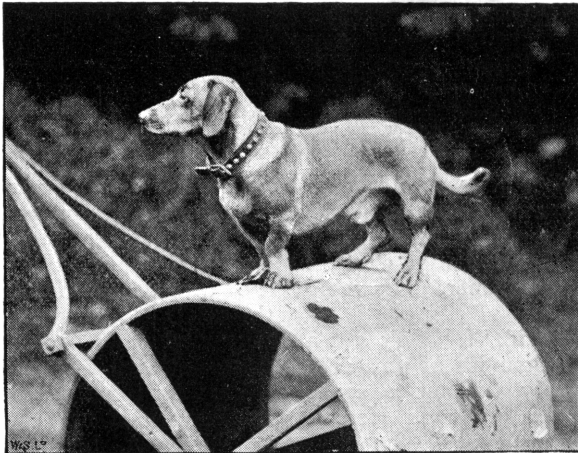
"There's the mill," he cried to Sir Morell. "It was a great eyesore to the Great Frederick, and he wanted the miller to give it up. The miller was immovable, so the ruler of a kingdom and the owner of a mill went into court. The millowner won, and when the King found his cause was hopeless, he became good friends with the miller by way of atonement."

Sir Morell was by the Emperor's bedside during the last hours. Writing materials were laid out on the bed, and the Emperor used to write on these to Sir Morell when he required moving from one bed to another, on slips of paper about five inches long by three inches wide, written on in pencil. Sir Morell prolonged one of the most precious lives in Europe for over a year.

It is of no small moment to learn what Sir Morell Mackenzie considers the effects of oversmoking on the throat. In reply to my question on this highly interesting subject, he referred me to an article he wrote in *The New Review*. His remedy for getting rid of the same is a very simple one, namely, the discontinuing of the practice which engenders them.

He strongly objects to a cigarette "as being the worst form of indulgence, from the fact that the very mildness of its action tempts people to smoke nearly all day long, and by inhaling the fumes into their lungs, saturate their blood with the poison. It should be borne in mind that there are two bad qualities contained in the fumes of tobacco. One is poisonous nicotine, the other the high temperature of the burning tobacco. Most people, however, can smoke in moderation without injury; to many tobacco acts as a useful nerve sedative, but, on the other hand, an excessive indulgence in the habit is always injurious, many persons wilfully overstepping the boundary line which separates moderation from abuse. The condition of the throat as well as that

of the general health varies greatly at times, and an amount of smoking, which at one time would be attended with no bad effect, might at another produce serious harm. Every smoker knows that when the stomach is out of order the pipe or cigar loses its charm; but it is not so generally known



From a Photo. by

"MORITZ."

[Elliott & Fry.]

that at such times the tongue (which to the experienced eye is a mirror of the invisible stomach) and the throat are more vulnerable than usual to tobacco. If nature's warnings on these points are disregarded, as they generally are, the smoker will bring on himself much unnecessary discomfort, and even suffering. In connection with the variation in susceptibility just referred to, it may be mentioned that persons leading an out-door life can, as a rule, smoke with much greater impunity than those who spend most of their time indoors. It is further worthy of remark that the inhabitants of warm climates suffer less than the dwellers in what is, probably on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, called the *temperate* climate of England. This is doubtless due to the greater resisting power of throats less harassed by fogs and

east winds, and partly, perhaps, to the use of milder tobacco.

"To conclude with a little practical advice," says Sir Morell, "I would say to anyone who finds total abstinence too heroic a stretch of virtue, let him smoke only after a substantial meal, and, if he be a singer or a speaker, let him do so after, and never before using his voice. Let him smoke a mild Havanah, or a long-stemmed pipe charged with some cool smoking tobacco. If the charms of the cigarette are irresistible, let it be smoked through a mouthpiece which is kept clean with ultra-Mohammedan strictness. Let him refrain from smoking pipe, cigar, or cigarette to the bitter, and, it may be

added, rank and oily end. Your Turk, who is very choice in his smoking, and thoroughly understands the art, always throws away the near half of his cigarette. Let the singer who wishes to keep in the 'perfect way' refrain from inhaling the smoke, and let him take it as an axiom that the man in whom tobacco increases the flow of saliva to any marked degree is not intended by nature to smoke. Let him be strictly moderate in indulgence—the precise limits each man must settle for himself—and he will get all the good effect of the soothing plant without the bane which lurks in it when used to excess."

HARRY HOW.



THE OPERATING CHAIR.
[From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.]

After the Crime.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CONSTANT GUÉROULT.

[CONSTANT GUÉROULT was born at Elbeuf, on the 11th of February, 1814, and passed the first thirty years of his life in commerce. He then came to Paris, and began to write stories in various journals. The power and interest of these, which are mostly sensational in type, soon made his name widely known. The little story which follows is a good specimen of his style, and is additionally interesting as teaching the same moral which Dickens enforced in his description of the crime of Bill Sykes and of Jonas Chuzzlewit—that murder carries with it its own punishment.]



It was at the extremity of a village: a window was hurriedly thrown open, and a man appeared at it, his features livid, his eyes haggard, his lips agitated by a convulsive tremor; his right hand grasped a knife from which blood was dripping, drop by drop. He cast a look into the silent country, then sprang to the ground, and set off running away through the fields.

At the end of a quarter of an hour he stopped exhausted, breathless, at the edge of a wood, twenty paces from a highway. He searched for the most closely grown, the most impenetrable spot to be found, and pressed his way into it, regardless of the thorns that were tearing him; then he began to dig up the earth with his knife. When he had made a hole a foot deep, he placed the weapon in it, and covered it with the soil he had dug out, re-covered it with a grass sod, which he trampled down solidly, after which he sat down upon the wet grass.

He listened, and appeared terrified by the silence which hung upon the country.

It was the hour when the darkness of night is replaced by that grey and uniform tint which is neither day nor night, and through which objects look like phantoms.

It seemed to him that he was alone in this funereal immensity, in the midst of this dumb and dim nature. Suddenly a sound made him start; it was the axle of a waggon creaking on the road, a league away perhaps; but in the silence this strange and discordant noise made itself heard with singular distinctness.

Then Nature awoke little by little. The lark took flight towards the blue sky, pouring out his notes, at once timid and charming, overflowing with life and happiness; a winged tribe began to sing and flutter amid the leaves glittering with dew; on all sides—in the moss on which the golden insect was crawling, to the branch of the highest oak, where the bird voluptuously plumed herself in the ether—arose a morning concert, so harmonious in its confusion, so potent in its



"HE RE-COVERED THE HOLE WITH A GRASS SOD."

delirium, so full of greeting to the first rays coming from the east, that it might well be called a hymn to the sun.

Nature expanded herself, radiant and virginal; all was grace, freshness, sparkle in the forest, where a blue mist still floated; all was calm and hushed in the plain, the great lines of which undulated to infinity, the grey tones of which grew light under the reflection of the blue sky.

The murderer rose; his limbs trembled, and his teeth clattered one against the other.

He cast furtive glances around him, then parted the branches with precaution, stopping, starting, drawing back his head hastily at the least sound; then, at length, he quitted the densely grown thicket in which he had buried his knife.

He pressed forward deeper into the forest, choosing always the most shaded portions and avoiding the open parts and the beaten paths, making frequent stoppages to listen or to examine the ground before him ere he advanced. In this way he walked all day without being conscious of fatigue—so great was the agony which dominated him.

He paused at the entrance to a grove of beeches, whose imposing trunks stood white and smooth, like thousands of columns, crowned with foliage. A calm day, a harmonious silence, added to the impression of grandeur and retirement made by this beautiful spot; something animate seemed to throb amid the luminous shade of the motionless boughs, as if a soul were there amid the shadows, murmuring mysterious syllables.

The fugitive felt ill at ease, and, creeping like a reptile, forced his way under a clump of thorn bushes, the density of which completely hid him.

When he was in safety, he first raised his hand to his head and then to his stomach, and muttered, "I am hungry!"

The sound of his voice made him shudder; it was the first time he had heard it since the murder, and it resounded in his ears like a knell and a menace. For some moments he remained motionless and held his breath, as if in fear of having been heard.

When he had become a little calmer, he felt in his pockets one after the other; they contained a few *sous*.

"That will be enough," he said in a low tone; "in six hours I shall have crossed the frontier; then I can show myself; I can work, and shall be saved."

At the end of an hour he felt the cold begin to stiffen his limbs, for with the coming of night the dew fell, and his only clothes were a linen blouse and trousers of the same material. He rose, and, cautiously quitting his thorn bushes, continued his march. He halted at the first signs of dawn. He had reached the limits of the forest, and must now enter upon the open country, must show himself in the full light of day; and, struck with terror by this thought, he dared not advance a step further.

While he was standing hidden in a thicket the sound of horses' hoofs was heard. He turned pale.

"Gendarmes!" he gasped, crouching down upon the ground.

It was a farm-labourer going to the fields, with two horses harnessed to a wagon; he was whistling a country air while re-tying the lash of his whip.

"Jacques!" a voice cried to him.

The peasant turned round.

"Hallo! is that you Françoise? Where are you going so early?"

"Oh! I'm going to wash this bundle of linen at the spring close by."

"I'm going within two steps of it; put your bundle on one of my beasts."

"Thanks!—that's not to be refused. How's the wife and the little ones—all of them?"

"I'm the weakest of the family," replied Jacques, laughing loudly; "all goes well—work, joy, and health."

He tied his lash, and the sharp crack was repeated by echo after echo.

The murderer followed him with his eyes as far as he could see him; then a deep sigh escaped from his lips, and his gaze turned to the open country spreading before him.

"I must get on," he murmured, "it is twenty-four hours since I—. All is discovered, I am being sought, an hour's delay may ruin me."

He made up his mind resolutely, and quitted the forest.

At the end of ten minutes he came within sight of a church tower. Then he slackened his pace, a prey to a thousand conflicting feelings, drawn towards the village by hunger, restrained by the fear which counselled him to avoid habitations.

However, after a long struggle, during which he had advanced as much as possible under the screen of outhouses and bushes, he was about to enter the village, when he

saw something glitter about a hundred paces from him.

It was the brass badge and the pommel of a rural policeman's sabre.

"He may have my description," he murmured with a shudder.

And, shrinking back quickly, he ran to a little wood which extended on his left and hid himself in it, pushing further and further into its depths, forgetting his hunger, and thinking only of flying from the village and the rural policeman.

But he speedily reached the end of the wood, which was of very small extent: beyond, the plain began again.

On peering from between the branches, he saw a man seated on the grass eating his breakfast. It was Jacques, the farm labourer.

Nothing could be more pleasant than the corner he had chosen for his breakfast-room. It was a sort of little stony ravine, through which ran two deep wheel-ruts, but carpeted with grass and moss and bordered with creepers, green-leaved, yellow, or purple, according to the caprices of that powerful colourist called Autumn. The wheel-ruts were full of limpid water, at the bottom of which glittered little white stones, smooth and transparent as onyx. Finally, this pretty nest was shaded by a cluster of birch-trees with reddish silvery trunks and foliage light and trembling.

Above this oasis spread ploughed fields on which hung, white and closely woven, the "Virgin-threads," floating and sparkling like an immense silver net.

Jacques' breakfast consisted of a hunch of bread and a piece of cheese, washed down with big draughts of cider claret, which he drank out of a stone pitcher, cooled in the water of the wheel ruts.

The peasant's strong white teeth buried themselves in the bread with an appetite which might have made a capitalist desire to share his frugal meal, which he only interrupted now and then to give a friendly word to his two horses, which, a few paces off, were feeding in brotherly fashion from the same wisp of hay.

"He's happy—he is!" murmured the murderer. Then, from the depths of his conscience he added: "Yes! work!—love of family!—peace and happiness are there!"

He was tempted to accost Jacques and ask him for a piece of bread; but a glance at his tattered dress forbade him showing himself; and then it seemed to him that his features bore the stamp of his crime, and must denounce him to whoever looked upon him.

A sound made him turn his head, and through the branches he saw an old man covered with rags. He walked bent double, a stick in his hand and a canvas bag slung to his neck by a cord. It was a beggar.

The murderer watched him with envious eyes, and again he murmured:

"What would I not give to be in his place! He begs, but he is free; he goes where he pleases in the wide air, in the broad sunlight, with a calm heart, with a tranquil conscience, eating without fear and agony the bread given to him in charity;



"PEERING BETWEEN THE BRANCHES, HE SAW A MAN SEATED ON THE GRASS."

able to look behind him without seeing a dead body, beside him without dreading to find a gendarme at his elbow, before him without seeing a vision of the scaffold. Yes, he is happy, that old mendicant, and I may well envy him his lot."

Suddenly he turned pale, a nervous trembling agitated all his limbs, and his features were drawn up like those of an epileptic.

"There they are!" he stammered, his eyes fixed upon a point on the road.

With haggard eye, bewildered, mad with terror, he looked on all sides, seeking to find a place of concealment; but so strangely was he overcome by fear that his eyes saw nothing, and his mind was incapable of thought.

During this time the gendarmes approached rapidly.

The gallop of the horses and the clanking of arms suddenly brought back to him his presence of mind, and, seeing before him an elm, the foliage of which was dense enough to hide him from sight, he climbed up it with the agility of a squirrel.

He was in safety when the two gendarmes halted on the road a few paces from him.

He listened, motionless, terrified, a prey to emotion so violent that he could hear the beating of the heart within him.

"What if we search this wood!" said one of the gendarmes.

"It's too small," said the other; "it's not there that our man would take refuge—rather in a forest."

"Anyhow, it will be prudent to beat it up."

"No," replied his comrade, "it would be time lost, and the assassin has already a ten hours' start of us."

And they went on at a trot.

The murderer breathed again; he felt a renewed life. But, this agony passed, a suffering, for a moment forgotten, made itself felt anew, and he cried:

"My God, how hungry I am!"

He had not eaten for forty-eight hours.

His legs gave way under him; he was seized with giddiness and a humming in the ears. And yet, he no more thought of going to the village for bread. The gendarmes! the scaffold! Those two phantoms ceaselessly rose before him, and over-mastered even the pangs of famine.

While his restless ears were on the watch for all sounds in the country, the dreary tolling of a bell made him start: it was the bell of the village church sounding the

funeral knell. The murderer listened, pale, downcast, shuddering at every stroke, as if the clapper of the bell had struck upon his heart. Then big tears fell slowly from his eyes, and streamed down his cheeks unobserved by him, without his making any attempt to stop their flow.

It was because these funeral sounds evoked in his imagination a picture at once terrible and heartrending. At that same hour the bell of another village church was tolling like this for another death.

"Oh, wretch, wretch that I am!" sighed the murderer, covering his face with both his hands.

He listened again to the strokes of the church bell, which sounded to him like the sobs of the poor victim, and he murmured:

"Oh, idleness! it led me to the tavern—and the tavern, this is what has come of it!—three orphans, a poor wife in the ground, and I!—a monster, hateful to all, hunted like a wild beast, pursued without rest or truce, until the hour when they shall have driven me to the scaffold. Horrible, horrible destiny!—and yet too mild a punishment."

He remained in the tree until night had come. When he saw the stars shine in the sky, when, in the vast solitude around him, he heard nothing but that vague breathing which seems like the respiration of the sleeping earth, then only he ventured to descend to rest himself.

He stretched himself at the foot of the tree, and closed his eyes; but fear which would not quit him, hunger which gnawed at his vitals, kept him constantly awake, and he rose at the first sign of dawn, overwhelmed, bowed down at once by alarm, fatigue, and the fasting of nearly three days.

At the end of a few hours his hunger, sharpened by the exciting air of the wood, ended by overcoming all his terror; and, feeling that his reason was beginning to reel in his brain, he decided to go into the village in search of bread.

He shook off the blades of grass which hung to his clothes, retied his neckerchief, passed his fingers through his tangled hair, then resolutely went out into the plain. Five minutes afterwards he entered the village, walking slowly, his head bent down, like a man overcome by fatigue, but casting a furtive and suspicious glance right and left, and ready to take flight at the first appearance of danger.

Not far from the church—that is to say, in the centre of the place—he perceived a tavern, the patriarchal aspect of which seemed to him to be reassuring. After convincing himself that neither cries nor disputes were coming from it—evidence that it was almost empty—he made up his mind to enter.

"What can I give you, my good man?" asked the landlord, a solidly built peasant, with broad shoulders, and a frank and open countenance.

"Bread and wine," replied the murderer, going and seating himself at a table near a window opening on to a garden.

He was speedily served.

"Here you are!" said the landlord, "bread, wine, and cheese."

The murderer felt himself becoming faint. He was tempted to rush out of the house; but a moment's reflection convinced him that such a course would ensure his certain destruction, and that prudence itself called on him to remain where he was.

He had hardly come to this decision when drinkers flocked into the tavern, which presently became full. The murderer began to eat and drink, taking care to keep his face turned towards the window, so as to hide his features as much as possible.

A quarter of an hour passed, an age of torment and anxiety for the fugitive, whom the most insignificant word caused to turn pale and to shudder. At length he was going to rise and leave the tavern, when one of the drinkers cried:



"HERE YOU ARE," SAID THE LANDLORD.

"I only asked for bread and wine," said the murderer, abruptly, hiding his face in his hands.

"Oh! the cheese is of no consequence to me, nor the bread either, for—no offence to you—you don't look too well off, my poor man, and it seems to me that you need to get up your strength; so eat and drink without worrying yourself about the rest."

"Thanks, thanks!"

At that moment the church bells began to ring loudly.

"What is that?" asked the murderer.

"Why are the bells ringing in that way?"

"Why! Because the mass is over."

"The mass! What is to-day, then?"

"Sunday. You are not a Christian, then? Oh! you'll have companions presently."

"Hallo! here comes Daddy Fauchoux, our brigadier of gendarmerie!"

The murderer started frightfully, and his right hand flew to his head; all his blood had rushed to his heart, and from his heart to his brain, as if he had been stricken with apoplexy.

He came to himself little by little, but without recovering his powers; from the shock he had sustained there remained a weakness and nervous tremor which rendered him wholly incapable of effort.

On seeing the brigadier enter, he leaned his head upon the table, and pretended to fall asleep.

The welcome given to the gendarme attested the esteem in which he was held in the country; everyone was eager to offer him a place at his table.

"Thanks, friends," replied Daddy Faucheux, "a glass is not to be refused ; but, as to sitting down, and taking it easy with you—the service forbids."

"The service! that's a good one. To-day is Sunday, and thieves require a day of rest as well as other folks."

"Thieves, possibly ; but it's different with assassins."

"Assassins! What do you mean by that, Daddy Faucheux?"

"Haven't you heard about the affair at Saint Didier?"

"No ; tell us about it."

"The more willingly, because I came in here to give you all a description of the scoundrel we are hunting."

The heart of the murderer throbbed heavily enough to burst his chest.

"He's a stone-mason, named Pierre Picard," the brigadier continued.

"And who has he murdered?"

"His wife."

"The beggar! What had she done to him?"

"Cried without complaining when he beat her ; only sometimes she went to the tavern to ask him to give her some money to buy food for her little ones, whom she could not bear to see dying of starvation. That was the whole of her crime, poor creature! It was for that he killed her on Thursday night last. She was only five-and-twenty. He ought to have kissed the ground she walked on, the wretch! She spent her life in working and caring for him and the children, and she had never received any other reward save blows and misery."

"The infernal villain!" cried a young man, striking his fist violently on the table before him ; "I'd think it a pleasure to go and see his head chopped off."

"That's why you all ought to know his description, so as to be able to arrest him if you come upon him ; for we know that he is skulking somewhere hereabouts."

There was a deep silence.

The murderer, he too listened, mastering by a superhuman effort the fever raging in his blood and bewildering his brain.

"This is the description of Pierre Picard," said the brigadier, unfolding a paper : "Middle height, short neck, broad shoulders, high cheek bones, large nose, black eyes, sandy beard, thin lips, a brown mole on the forehead."

Folding up the paper, he added :

"Now you'll be sure to recognise him if you meet him!"

"With such a description, it would be impossible to mistake him."

"Then, as the song says, 'good night, my friends'; I leave you to go and hunt my game."

The murderer ceased to breathe. While listening to the brigadier's departure, he calculated that a few hours only separated him from the frontier, and already he saw himself in safety.

He was about raising his head, when the heavy boots of the gendarme, taking a new direction, resounded suddenly in his ears.

The gendarme stopped, two paces from the table at which he was seated ; and the murderer *felt* his look turned upon him.

His blood seemed to freeze in his veins. A cold perspiration burst from all his pores, and his heart appeared to him to cease beating.

"By the way," cried the brigadier, "here's a party who is sleeping pretty soundly."

And he struck him on the shoulder.

"Hallo, my friend, hold your head up a little ; I want to see your phiz."

Pierre Picard raised his head sharply ; the expression of his face was frightful. His livid features were horribly contracted, his blood-shot eyes darted flames, and a nervous trembling agitated his thin and close-pressed lips.

"It's he!" cried ten voices at once.

The brigadier put out his hand to seize him by the collar, but before he could touch him, the murderer struck him two heavy blows with his fist in the eyes and blinded him ; then, springing through the window into the garden, he disappeared.

Recovered from the surprise which had at first paralysed them, twenty young men dashed off in pursuit of him. At a bound he cleared the garden hedge, gained the fields, and in less than ten minutes was half a league away from the village.

After making sure that the unevenness of the ground prevented him from being seen, he paused for a moment to take breath, for he was quite exhausted and would have sunk down senseless if this furious flight had continued twenty seconds longer.

But he had hardly seated himself, before confused cries struck upon his ears. He rose and listened.

It was his pursuers.

What was he to do? Exhausted, breathless, he could run no further—and they



"THE MURDERER STRUCK HIM TWO HEAVY BLOWS."

were there, on his heels. He cast a desperate glance around him. Everywhere he saw the level plain—without a rock, without a hollow, without a clump of trees, in which he could hide himself. Suddenly his eyes fell upon a shining pool of standing water, on the margin of which there was a growth of tall reeds, and he gasped :

"Let's try it."

He dragged himself to the pool, in which he hid himself up to the neck, drawing over his head the reeds and water-plants, then remained as motionless as if he had taken root in the mud.

The water had become still and smooth as a mirror when the twenty peasants arrived at the edge of the pool, preceded by the brigadier, who, thanks to the care of the landlord of the tavern, had speedily recovered from the stunning effects of the blows he had received.

"Now," cried Daddy Fauchaux, from the back of his horse, and examining the country in all directions, "where in the name of wonder can that scoundrel have got to !"

"It's odd," said a young peasant ; "five minutes ago I saw him plainly—and, now, not a glimpse of him ! and yet the ground's flat and green for three leagues round, without so much as a mole's hole in which he could hide his nose."

"He can't be far off," said the brigadier. "Let us divide and spread over the plain,

searching every bit of it, and coming back here last."

Pierre Picard heard the party disperse, uttering threats against him.

Still standing motionless in the pool, he trembled in every limb, and dared not change his position for fear of betraying his presence by agitating the water about him, or by deranging the reeds and water-plants with which he had covered his head.

He passed an hour in this position, studying the sound of the steps crossing each other on the plain, of which his ears, eagerly strained, caught the least perceptible echoes.

At the end of that time the whole of the party were again collected about the pool.

"Thunder and lightning !" cried the brigadier, furiously ; "the brigand has escaped us, but how the plague could he have done it ?"

"He must be a sorcerer !" said a peasant.

"Sorcerer or not, I'll not give him up," replied Daddy Fauchaux. "I'll just give Sapajou time to swallow a mouthful of water at this pool, and we'll both slip off to the edge of the frontier, towards which the beggar is sure to make his way."

And turning his horse towards the pool, he reined him up just at the spot where the fugitive was hidden amid the tuft of reeds. The animal stretched forward his neck, sniffed the air strongly, then quickly

drew back his head and refused to advance. Pierre Picard felt the beast's warm breath upon his cheek.

The brigadier gently flipped Sapajou's ears to force him to enter the pool, but the animal backed a couple of paces, and his master was unable, either by blows or patting, to induce him to obey.

"Oh! we are in our tantrums!" cried the brigadier, furious at a resistance to which he was wholly unused; "we'll see which of us is going to give in to the other."

And he was preparing to flog poor Sapajou severely, when, as if understanding the impending danger, the animal wheeled suddenly to the left and entered the pool some paces further off.

"That's all the better for you," said the brigadier. Then, while his horse was drinking, he said to the peasants:

"Now, my good fellows, you can go back to the village; I and Sapajou will see to the rest."

The peasants moved off, wishing him good luck. Then the horse, having sufficiently satisfied his thirst, left the water and set off across the fields, stimulated by the voice of his master.

The murderer was left alone.

But, though he was benumbed with cold, he allowed more than a quarter of an hour to pass before venturing to quit his retreat. At length he came from the pool, dripping with water, his head and shoulders covered with water-grass and plants which clung to his skin and clothes, his body shivering, his face cadaverous. He cast a long glance over the deserted plain, and tried to speak, but his teeth clattered

together so violently that it was some moments before he could articulate a word.

"Saved!" he gasped at length.

Then he continued, with profound dejection:

"Yes, saved—for the hour! But the brigadier waits for me on the frontier; the gendarmerie are warned, the whole population are on foot; the hunt is going to begin again against the common enemy—against the mad dog. The struggle—for ever the struggle—without cessation, without pity! All men against me, and God as well! It is too much—it is beyond my strength!"

While speaking he mechanically freed himself from the slimy weeds with which he was covered.

He gazed upon the solitude by which he was surrounded, and it appeared to terrify him: he seemed to feel in his heart the same cold, sullen, desolate solitude.

Then he took his head between his hands, and for five minutes remained plunged in his reflections.

"So be it," he said at length, in a resolute tone.

And he set off in the direction of the village from which he had fled.

An hour afterwards he entered the tavern where the brigadier had been so near capturing him.

All the peasants who had pursued him were there.

"The assassin!" they cried in bewilderment.

"Yes," replied the murderer, calmly,



"THE ANIMAL QUICKLY DREW BACK HIS HEAD."

"it is Pierre Picard, the assassin, who has come to give himself up. Go and find the gendarmes."

He seated himself in the middle of the tavern, calm and unmoved.

Two gendarmes speedily arrived. Pierre Picard recognised them as those who, the evening before, had passed close by the elm in which he had taken refuge. He held out his hands to them silently. They

placed handcuffs upon his wrists, and led him to a room at the *Mairie*, which was to serve provisionally as his dungeon, before he was transferred to the neighbouring city.

When he found himself alone, shut up securely in this prison, the door of which was guarded by two gendarmes, the murderer sank upon his camp bed, and cried with a sort of fierce enjoyment :

"At last I can rest !"



My Neighbours' Dogs.

BY ARTHUR MORRISON.



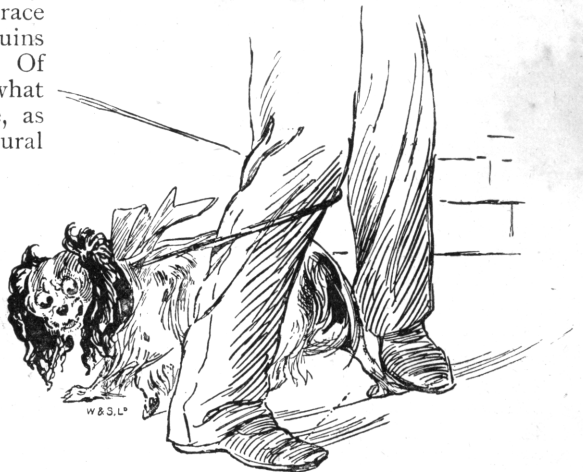
HE dog is the friend of man. That is what I used to read in my spelling-book. I do not wish to impeach the authority of the spelling book, but I wish my neighbours hadn't so many friends.

All my neighbours have friends of this sort; some miscreants have several. It is obviously a conspiracy. I am a quiet man, as a rule, but some day my neigh-

bours will find that they have carried their persecution a little too far. I have made a careful calculation, taking into consideration all the dogs at present hereabout, and allowing a fair percentage for occasional visits; and as nearly as I can determine I find that the reinforcement of one mastiff, two retrievers, and a terrier, or their equivalent in lap-dogs, to the ranks of my neighbours' "friends," will just carry me past my limit of endurance. Then this terrace will be found reduced to a heap of ruins by the agency of nitro-glycerine. Of my own life I am reckless. Judge what it is worth to me when I describe, as calmly and dispassionately as my natural feelings will allow, the behaviour of some of my neighbours' dogs.

In speaking of my recent calculation, I expressed the result in mastiffs, terriers, and retrievers, simply alluding to their equivalent in lap-dogs, without stating that one lap-dog, as a weapon of offence, is the equal of two mastiffs and a very dirty mongrel. This is a mathematical equation which cost me some little trouble in the preparation, but I regard it

with pride as trustworthy to the last decimal. In estimating the factors I had to consider the fact that what I may be pardoned for calling the entire cussedness of the lap-dog infects in a high degree its mistress and all about it. The Misses Pegram, next door on the right, keep two lap-dogs, a toy spaniel and a pug, which cause in me a constant change of opinion which in a mathematician is disagreeable. I always consider the spaniel absolutely the vilest creature in the animal kingdom until I meet the pug, than which I then decide nothing could be worse—until I see—or hear—the spaniel again; and so on. The Miss Pegram who owns the spaniel is one of the most implacable of my enemies. I deliberately assert that she *chases* me with that monkey-headed dog. I never venture out of doors but she bears down upon me—often from behind, so that I have no time to escape. She and the dog are connected by a length of ribbon, and it is their practice to manœuvre that ribbon between my legs if possible, and then wind it about me until I am upset, or until, in my efforts to escape, I tread upon



"MISS PEGRAM'S SPANIEL."

the little beast sufficiently to afford it a pretext for howling and snapping at my calf. If I am only upset, the woman contents herself with glaring at me murderously, and perhaps muttering the word "Brute!" in an undertone. If I tread upon it (I often wish I weighed twenty stone) she screams, faints, and calls a policeman. Sometimes she personally assaults me. I solemnly aver that the last time I trod upon that canine imp, that—that Person (I will not call her an Old Frump)—struck at me with her parasol.

The pug is perhaps, on the whole, a little less irritating, because he is an invalid, with a chronic snuffle, and consequently takes only carriage exercise, wherefore his opportunities of mingling with and snapping at my legs are necessarily restricted. Personally I believe that what he chiefly suffers from is overfeeding; nevertheless I never see him in the company of the Miss Pegram who overfeeds him but that unattractive person scowls malignantly at me, plainly expressing her conviction that I am somehow responsible for the brute's ailments. I really wish I were. He shouldn't suffer from *that* ailment long, I promise him; I'd change it for a less pleasant one. There he goes as I write. The "brougham" (which is really a cab with no number) has been ordered out for him, and he is being held up to the window to enjoy the scenery. His bloated, dyspeptic face occupies a corner of the aperture, and his goggle eyes stand out from his head in a way that induces a momentary gleam of hope that he is being choked. Some day, in the course of the overfeeding, he may be, and the reflection gives me some comfort. Meantime I speculate upon the origin of the black mark on each of the cur's cheeks. These are called "kissing-spots," I am told. If that is

really where Miss Pegram kisses him, I don't wonder at the existence of those black spots.

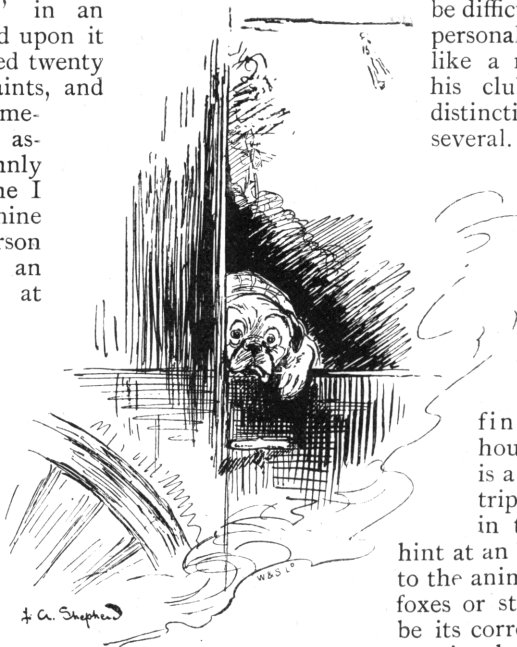
Next door, on the other side, Blenkinsop keeps a different sort of dog. The exact species of this dog it would be difficult to name, although personally I believe he is like a man of fashion with his clubs, and enjoys the distinction of belonging to several. Blenkinsop himself labours under a vague delusion that he is possessed of some sort of dog of the chase, although, whether a foxhound, a pointer, or a staghound, he never gives a definite opinion. My

housekeeper's son (who is a vulgar lad) calls it a tripe-hound, conveying in this name a delicate

hint at an object of chase more to the animal's taste than either foxes or stags. Whatever may be its correct classification, it is certain that it embodies a very strong cross of some species of dog which never goes to sleep,

and conscientiously objects to any other creature doing so. It is, in one respect at any rate, a really wonderful dog. By some mystic operation of instinct he divines the

exact moment of the night at which — perhaps after long wakefulness — I am just dozing off. He announces his discovery by a weird yell, and



"MISS PEGRAM'S 'PUG.'"



"BLENKINSOP'S TRIPE HOUND."

promptly settles down to make a night of it. He makes a night of it. So do all my other neighbours' dogs, once this brute has reminded them that they have another means of annoying me beside those they are especially kept to inflict. Finally, in the morning, when I give up the game and wearily begin to dress, the fiend leaves off, by way of mockery ; for well I know that if I get into bed again he will recommence. This dog, I am convinced, is kept not only as a tribulation to me, but as a source of profit to Blenkinsop. The hair-brushes, boot-jacks, shaving-pots, and lumps of coal which the creature attracts to himself during the nights of one month must constitute a very desirable income. It's all a part of the conspiracy against my peace, and if some of the other conspirators are driven to contribute boot-jacks and lumps of coal as well as I, why, it serves them right. Blenkinsop never seems to mind the din himself ; it rather pleases him. He calls it "giving tongue." Personally I don't like tongue, and often myself give Blenkinsop some of it, consequently we are not good friends. Blenkinsop chains up this thing of evil out of reach of my garden wall, possibly fearing that I may poison it. He flatters my humanity ; if I could get hold of the beast I would not poison it—I would drop it into a barrel of nitric acid and nail down the lid.

A mansome little way off, a perfect stranger, keeps a Danish boarhound of about the size of an ordinary donkey. This is a fine animal to look at—a long way off—but I do not like her muddy paws on my chest and her very large tongue in my face. She does this sort of thing under pretence of extravagant friendship. I don't want her friendship : I don't want her master's

friendship—I don't know him, and it is a gross liberty for his dog to lick my spectacles off my nose. I don't want anybody's friendship ; I only want to be left alone. In my troubles with this dog, it is some consolation to know that I am not the only sufferer. A mild Eastern gentleman, with a dark complexion and a fez cap, lives further up the terrace. He is somewhat of an enigma among the neighbours, and, except that he has had some Mohammedan tracts printed in extraordinary English, which he furtively drops down areas to the scandalisation of the orthodox, there is no precise indication of his nationality. The Misses Pegram call him a "native"—as though he were an oyster. He is a small man, and is almost as much a victim of that boarhound's unwelcome attentions as I myself ; not quite so much, of course, because, as I say, it is all a conspiracy. Five times out of six, when this gentle Oriental

passes my window, I observe as he approaches two (or more) immense muddy paw-marks on his otherwise well-brushed coat—it is a singular property of this dog that her paws are always muddy, in any weather. When I see these paw-marks I know at once that I have only to wait until he passes to see an immense muddy or dusty patch in the rear of that respectable "native"; he always goes down before the boarhound's onslaught. He told me so, once, himself. I had observed the dog approaching in an adjoining square,

and retired up a secluded turning ; and the "native," from another side of the square, did the same. He understood our common motive, and said, "That canine tyke too much cheek got it ; he put feet on shoulder, you sit down on thoroughfare."

There are other dogs whose annoyances



"EXTRAVAGANT FRIENDSHIP."

I chiefly feel in my goings forth. The latest additions to these are a Skye terrier and two dachshunds. Perhaps, on second thoughts, I ought to feel thankful that all this length of material is only cut up into three dogs instead of making a dozen, as it easily might. Yes, on the whole, I think I will be thankful, and say nothing

J. A. Shepherd



"I HAVE SEEN HIM ENDEAVOUR TO DEVOUR A PRIVATE OMNIBUS."

more about these just yet, although their caterpillar appearance offends my eye to the extent of outrage, and they cause me delay in the street, each dog being a procession in itself. Still they have not been here for long; no doubt they will find some new way of annoying me soon.

There is a raggy, nondescript sort of terrier about here which disturbs my nerves by futile attacks on cats. He is not a short-haired terrier, neither is he long-haired—his skin is not unanimous on the question. I believe he belongs to somebody in the mews at the back; but he chiefly lives and pursues his occupation of cat-chasing in front of the terrace. I never saw him catch a cat yet, although I have more than once seen a cat catch him. He is usually either in full chase, or barking and yelping noisily at bay, while the cat spits and dabs. There is a singular unanimity about the cats he demonstrates against; they all choose my area railings as a stockade from

behind which to breathe defiance, and reach for that terrier's eyes, what time he barks and yells agonisingly. Of course, I must suffer in particular; but that's part of the conspiracy.

A man a few doors off keeps a collie—a mad, untamed sort of thing, which has a constitutional antagonism to all motion on the part of his surroundings, living or dead. He has a conviction amounting to a sort of religious belief that his mission in this world is to arrest and punish in the full of its career anything whatever that

moves with any rapidity. If a hansom passes he flies like a thunderbolt at the horse, missing which, he bites the wheel savagely. Similarly he hurls himself at a cart, a bicycle, a horse, a running cat, or a bit of paper in the wind; I have even seen him endeavour to devour a private omnibus. When Blenkinsop's chimney was on fire, and several fire-engines came, his fury was indescribable, so that I quite hoped he would be run over; but he wasn't. I begin to fear he



J. A. Shepherd

"CAT CHASING."

never will be. Again and again I have calculated from the table of probabilities how long an ordinary dog might expect to live, making an average of only twenty-seven such rushes at vehicles a day, and the period has passed many times over without an accident. Men who push barrows know this dog, and slacken their pace as they near him. I myself daren't run to catch a train; he would take a piece out of my calf if I did; he growls menacingly at a sharp walk. And if I walk slowly he is apt to observe something else on the move, and take a short cut to it between my legs. He terrifies Miss Pegram and her pug in their brougham, which is a redeeming feature; and I will say that I never yet saw him rush at a boy on an errand, or a telegraph messenger.

I confess I was surprised and pained to find that my family solicitor had entered into the dog conspiracy. But, after all, he lets me off comparatively lightly. His dog is an immense St. Bernard, whose antagonism is chiefly of a passive kind, and is only offered when I visit the house. He has a habit of lying at full length across doorways, and pretends, in a sleepy sort of way, not to understand that he is causing an obstruction. If compelled to get up and make way, he first gives one a look of sorrowful reproach, and then slowly and resignedly gets upon his feet, all with an air of long-suffering martyrdom. Beyond this, and knocking me down two or three times, as well as shouldering a light table with loose

china and scalding tea bodily on to my knees, I have really very little to complain of in this dog. Perhaps I am prejudiced in his favour because of an encounter of his with Miss Pegram's toy spaniel. That wretched insect, secure in the presence of its mistress, made a furious snapping and yelping attack directed to the big dog's face, which it couldn't reach. This attack the majestic Bob (his name is Bob) loftily ignored, until it became an intolerable nuisance, whereupon he calmly *lay down* on the vile body of his tormentor, and suppressed it utterly. For this I feel grateful to Bob, although he was guilty of the weakness of allowing the cur to be rescued from under him with no broken bones.

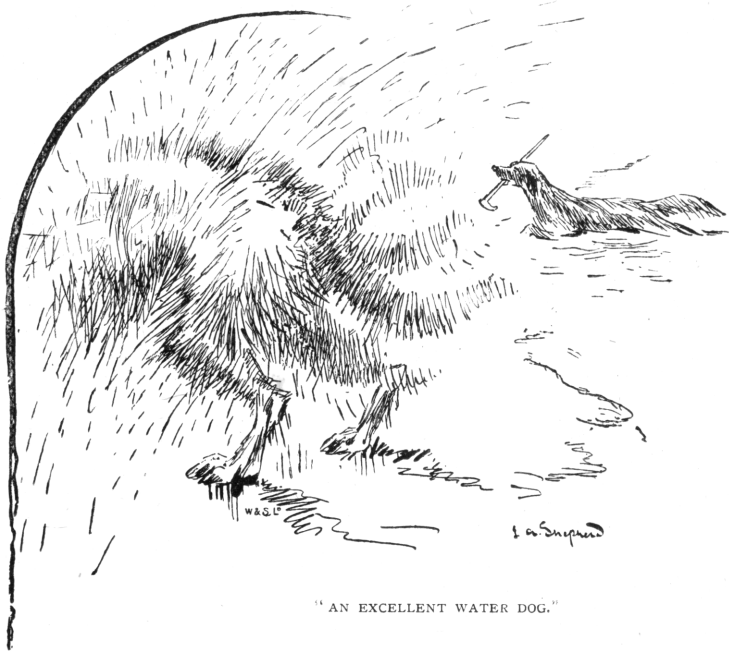
Several of my neighbours' dogs add to their other persecutions the outrage peculiar to the swimming dog. I can never take a walk near a pond, lake, canal, or any other body of water larger than a puddle without suffering from some brute which is called an "excellent water dog." They are usually long-haired dogs with coats which hold plenty of water; that is part of the scheme. A dog of this sort will swim about in a muddy pond after sticks and stones thrown in by malevolent idiots on the banks, and, when his coat is thoroughly and completely saturated, will crawl out carefully, taking pains to drop as little of the water as possible until the proper time. He will then look about him and select the best dressed person within easy reach; he will quietly sidle up to this person—from

behind, if possible—and, with a sudden jerk and shake of his hide (a movement acquired by long practice), he will discharge a shower of several quarts of dirty water over his victim, who is then expected to smile cheerfully, and pat him.

I myself am not usually a particularly well-dressed person, so that if I happen to be present this condition of the performance is varied—he always comes to me. No matter how many better dressed people may be temptingly within range, he invariably disregards them and comes to me.



"BOB."



"AN EXCELLENT WATER DOG."

It's part of the conspiracy. Now I ask, for whose benefit do the ponds of Highgate exist? For that of the British public. And am I not one of the British public? Of course I am. Then, I ask, sir, what about Magna Charta? What about my trousers? Are they a carpet, sir, or a flower bed, or a gravestone, that they should be drenched with the muddy tears of Highgate Ponds? Are my coat-tails the coat-tails of a free-born Englishman or not? Very well, then, sir—

Now there goes a dog which is a nuisance and terror to the whole neighbourhood. If he were an equal nuisance all round I wouldn't mind; I might extract satisfaction from the annoyance of the neighbours. But he isn't. Of course, it is invariably *my* doorstep upon which he sits to scratch himself, *my* housemaid or *my* visitors whom he snaps at when they attempt to pass, *my* area whence he steals food while the cook talks to the butcher, and *my* area in which he turns at bay when chased by indignant but dirty boys. He is a good-sized black dog, and attempts to pass himself off as a retriever on the strength of some very distant connection with the retriever

family on the part of a remote ancestor. He gets his living chiefly by stealing, but largely by deluding boys. He possesses them with the idea that he is a retriever, and will prove a useful acquisition on a sporting expedition—when they buy an old pistol for half-a-crown, for instance, and go out to shoot larks. He sponges on those boys and steals their lunch. He gets them into all sorts of scrapes, and finally turns and rends their trousers; for ever after which those boys pursue him with execrations and brickbats. I should not object to this, if none

of the brickbats came into my area and broke my windows, but they do. He tells other boys that he can swim, and they form a small party to witness his performance. He can't and won't swim, but he kills a fowl or steals something off a butcher's bench, and the boys have to cut and run. This sort of thing has gone on until almost every boy has found him out, and his enemies consequently are many. Every boy's hand, boot, stick, or tin kettle is against him, and every boy's corduroys are familiar in his mouth



"A NUISANCE."

as household scraps. Still he manages to find a few guileless boys now and again—new to London, I expect—who at first take him at his own valuation before passing over to the ranks of the bitten and hostile. They even take the vicious beast with them when they go fishing, with a bent pin and a tin can. I wonder why.

If anything were wanting further to illustrate the completeness of the plot against my peace of mind, it would be

him off. If I go into a house, he tries to follow me; and, if prevented, sits on the doorstep and waits till I come out. When at last I seek refuge in my own house, he sits on my doorstep all night and howls in response to Blenkinsop's tripe-hound. Finally, I have to bribe a boy to steal him from me.

But there is one dog about here which, I verily believe, has nothing to do with the conspiracy. He is a bull-dog, and I think comes from the mews. I never heard this dog bark or howl, and never heard of his hurting a soul. Nevertheless many ladies—including, I am glad to say, the



"THE STRAY MONGREL."

found in the stray mongrel machination. There is a kind of dog whom nobody ever owns—whom no reasonable person ever would think of owning; but all the dogs of this kind insist upon being owned by me. I scarcely go out but one of these miserable creatures follows me. He avoids attracting my attention at first, but trots quietly at my heels, probably being of the opinion that if only he keeps by me long enough I shall begin to believe after all that he really does belong to me, and has all his life. He always has a broken piece of string hanging from his neck, which leads me to believe that somebody has been trying to drown him, with a brick, and has failed. Nothing will shake

Misses Pegram—fall into fits of terror at his approach. He lumbers along at a stable-boy's heels, with the broadest and most amiable of grins, and other dogs keep out his way—the black dog vanishes entirely. It is just possible that that black dog snapped at him once, or perhaps attempted to take a sample of the stable-boy's trousers, and consequently feels an awkwardness about meeting him again. But who shall know the ways of dogs?

Perhaps, while I am praising this very bull-dog, he is filling that immense mouth of his from some inoffensive person's leg.

But, as the leg isn't mine, and I hate unreasonable grumbling, I won't grumble about that.



"THE MOST AMIABLE OF GRINS."

Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.

VIII.—THE ADVENTURE OF THE SPECKLED BAND.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.



ON glancing over my notes of the seventy odd cases in which I have during the last eight years studied the methods of my friend Sherlock Holmes, I find many tragic, some comic, a large number merely strange, but none commonplace; for, working as he did rather for the love of his art than for the acquirement of wealth, he refused to associate himself with any investigation which did not tend towards the unusual, and even the fantastic. Of all these varied cases, however, I cannot recall any which presented more singular features than that which was associated with the well-known Surrey family of the Roylotts of Stoke Moran. The events in question occurred in the early days of my association with Holmes, when we were sharing rooms as bachelors, in Baker-street. It is possible that I might have placed them upon record before, but a promise of secrecy was made at the time, from which I have only been freed during the last month by the untimely death of the lady to whom the pledge was given. It is perhaps as well that the facts should now come to light, for I have reasons to know that there are widespread rumours as to the death of Dr. Grimesby Roylott which tend to make the matter even more terrible than the truth.

It was early in April in the year '83 that I woke one morning to find Sherlock Holmes standing, fully dressed, by the side of my bed. He was a late riser as a rule, and, as the clock on the mantelpiece showed me that it was only a quarter past seven, I blinked up at him in some surprise, and perhaps just a little resentment, for I was myself regular in my habits.

"Very sorry to knock you up, Watson," said he, "but it's the common lot this morning. Mrs. Hudson has been knocked up, she retorted upon me, and I on you."

"What is it, then? A fire?"

"No, a client. It seems that a young

lady has arrived in a considerable state of excitement, who insists upon seeing me. She is waiting now in the sitting-room. Now, when young ladies wander about the Metropolis at this hour of the morning, and knock sleepy people up out of their beds, I presume that it is something very pressing which they have to communicate. Should it prove to be an interesting case, you would, I am sure, wish to follow it from the outset. I thought at any rate that I should call you, and give you the chance."

"My dear fellow, I would not miss it for anything."

I had no keener pleasure than in following Holmes in his professional investigations, and in admiring the rapid deductions, as swift as intuitions, and yet always founded on a logical basis, with which he unravelled the problems which were submitted to him. I rapidly threw on my clothes, and was ready in a few minutes to accompany my friend down to the sitting-room. A lady dressed in black and heavily veiled, who had been sitting in the window, rose as we entered.

"Good morning, madam," said Holmes, cheerily. "My name is Sherlock Holmes. This is my intimate friend and associate, Dr. Watson, before whom you can speak as freely as before myself. Ha, I am glad to see that Mrs. Hudson has had the good sense to light the fire. Pray draw up to it, and I shall order you a cup of hot coffee, for I observe that you are shivering."

"It is not cold which makes me shiver," said the woman in a low voice, changing her seat as requested.

"What then?"

"It is fear, Mr. Holmes. It is terror." She raised her veil as she spoke, and we could see that she was indeed in a pitiable state of agitation, her face all drawn and grey, with restless, frightened eyes, like those of some hunted animal. Her features and figure were those of a woman of thirty,



"SHE RAISED HER VEIL."

but her hair was shot with premature grey, and her expression was weary and haggard. Sherlock Holmes ran her over with one of his quick, all-comprehensive glances.

"You must not fear," said he, soothingly, bending forward and patting her forearm. "We shall soon set matters right, I have no doubt. You have come in by train this morning, I see."

"You know me, then?"

"No, but I observe the second half of a return ticket in the palm of your left glove. You must have started early, and yet you had a good drive in a dog-cart, along heavy roads, before you reached the station."

The lady gave a violent start, and stared in bewilderment at my companion.

"There is no mystery, my dear madam," said he, smiling. "The left arm of your jacket is spattered with mud in no less than seven places. The marks are perfectly fresh. There is no vehicle save a dog-cart which throws up mud in that way, and then only when you sit on the left hand side of the driver."

"Whatever your reasons may be, you are perfectly correct," said she. "I started from home before six, reached Leatherhead at twenty past, and came in by the first train to Waterloo. Sir, I can stand this strain no longer, I shall go mad if it continues. I have no one to turn to—none, save only one, who cares for me, and he,

poor fellow, can be of little aid. I have heard of you, Mr. Holmes; I have heard of you from Mrs. Farintosh, whom you helped in the hour of her sore need. It was from her that I had your address. Oh, sir, do you not think that you could help me too, and at least throw a little light through the dense darkness which surrounds me? At present it is out of my power to reward you for your services, but in a

month or six weeks I shall be married, with the control of my own income, and then at least you shall not find me ungrateful."

Holmes turned to his desk, and unlocking it, drew out a small case-book which he consulted.

"Farintosh," said he. "Ah, yes, I recall the case; it was concerned with an opal tiara. I think it was before your time, Watson. I can only say, madam, that I shall be happy to devote the same care to your case as I did to that of your friend. As to reward, my profession is its own reward; but you are at liberty to defray whatever expenses I may be put to, at the time which suits you best. And now I beg that you will lay before us everything that may help us in forming an opinion upon the matter."

"Alas!" replied our visitor. "The very horror of my situation lies in the fact that my fears are so vague, and my suspicions depend so entirely upon small points, which might seem trivial to another, that even he to whom of all others I have a right to look for help and advice looks upon all that I tell him about it as the fancies of a nervous woman. He does not say so, but I can read it from his soothing answers and averted eyes. But I have heard, Mr. Holmes, that you can see deeply into the manifold wickedness of the human heart.

You may advise me how to walk amid the dangers which encompass me."

"I am all attention, madam."

"My name is Helen Stoner, and I am living with my stepfather, who is the last survivor of one of the oldest Saxon families in England, the Royslotts of Stoke Moran, on the western border of Surrey."

Holmes nodded his head. "The name is familiar to me," said he.

"The family was at one time among the richest in England, and the estates extended over the borders into Berkshire in the north, and Hampshire in the west. In the last century, however, four successive heirs were of a dissolute and wasteful disposition, and the family ruin was eventually completed by a gambler in the days of the Regency. Nothing was left save a few acres of ground, and the two-hundred-year-old house, which is itself crushed under a heavy mortgage. The last squire dragged out his existence there, living the horrible life of an aristocratic pauper; but his only son, my stepfather, seeing that he must adapt himself to the new conditions, obtained an advance from a relative, which enabled him to take a medical degree, and went out to Calcutta, where, by his professional skill and his force of character, he established a large practice. In a fit of anger, however, caused by some robberies which had been perpetrated in the house, he beat his native butler to death, and narrowly escaped a capital sentence. As it was, he suffered a long term of imprisonment, and afterwards returned to England a morose and disappointed man.

"When Dr. Roylott was in India he married my mother, Mrs. Stoner, the young widow of Major-General Stoner, of the Bengal Artillery. My sister Julia and I were twins, and we were only two years old at the time of my mother's remarriage. She had a considerable sum of money, not less than a thousand a year, and this she bequeathed to Dr. Roylott entirely whilst we resided with him, with a provision that a certain annual sum should be allowed to each of us in the event of our marriage. Shortly after our return to England my mother died—she was killed eight years ago in a railway accident near Crewe. Dr. Roylott then abandoned his attempts to establish himself in practice in London, and took us to live with him in the old ancestral house at Stoke Moran. The money which my mother had left

was enough for all our wants, and there seemed to be no obstacle to our happiness.

"But a terrible change came over our stepfather about this time. Instead of making friends and exchanging visits with our neighbours, who had at first been overjoyed to see a Roylott of Stoke Moran back in the old family seat, he shut himself up in his house, and seldom came out save to indulge in ferocious quarrels with whoever might cross his path. Violence of temper approaching to mania has been hereditary in the men of the family, and in my stepfather's case it had, I believe, been intensified by his long residence in the tropics. A series of disgraceful brawls took place, two of which ended in the police-court, until at last he became the terror of the village, and the folks would fly at his approach, for he is a man of immense strength, and absolutely uncontrollable in his anger.

"Last week he hurled the local blacksmith over a parapet into a stream, and it was only by paying over all the money which I could gather together that I was able to avert another public exposure. He had no friends at all save the wandering gipsies, and he would give these vagabonds leave to encamp upon the few acres of



"HE HURLED THE BLACKSMITH OVER A PARAPET."

bramble-covered land which represent the family estate, and would accept in return the hospitality of their tents, wandering away with them sometimes for weeks on end. He has a passion also for Indian animals, which are sent over to him by a correspondent, and he has at this moment a cheetah and a baboon, which wander freely over his grounds, and are feared by the villagers almost as much as their master.

"You can imagine from what I say that my poor sister Julia and I had no great pleasure in our lives. No servant would stay with us, and for a long time we did all the work of the house. She was but thirty at the time of her death, and yet her hair had already begun to whiten, even as mine has."

"Your sister is dead, then?"

"She died just two years ago, and it is of her death that I wish to speak to you. You can understand that, living the life which I have described, we were little likely to see anyone of our own age and position. We had, however, an aunt, my mother's maiden sister, Miss Honoria Westphail, who lives near Harrow, and we were occasionally allowed to pay short visits at this lady's house. Julia went there at Christmas two years ago, and met there a half-pay Major of Marines, to whom she became engaged. My stepfather learned of the engagement when my sister returned, and offered no objection to the marriage; but within a fortnight of the day which had been fixed for the wedding, the terrible event occurred which has deprived me of my only companion."

Sherlock Holmes had been leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, and his head sunk in a cushion, but he half opened his lids now, and glanced across at his visitor.

"Pray be precise as to details," said he.

"It is easy for me to be so, for every event of that dreadful time is seared into my memory. The manor house is, as I have already said, very old, and only one wing is now inhabited. The bedrooms in this wing are on the ground floor, the sitting-rooms being in the central block of the buildings. Of these bedrooms the first is Dr. Roylott's, the second my sister's, and the third my own. There is no communication between them, but they all open out into the same corridor. Do I make myself plain?"

"Perfectly so."

"The windows of the three rooms open out upon the lawn. That fatal night Dr. Roylott had gone to his room early, though

we knew that he had not retired to rest, for my sister was troubled by the smell of the strong Indian cigars which it was his custom to smoke. She left her room, therefore, and came into mine, where she sat for some time, chatting about her approaching wedding. At eleven o'clock she rose to leave me, but she paused at the door and looked back.

"Tell me, Helen," said she, 'have you ever heard anyone whistle in the dead of the night?'

"Never," said I.

"I suppose that you could not possibly whistle yourself in your sleep?"

"Certainly not. But why?"

"Because during the last few nights I have always, about three in the morning, heard a low clear whistle. I am a light sleeper, and it has awakened me. I cannot tell where it came from—perhaps from the next room, perhaps from the lawn. I thought that I would just ask you whether you had heard it."

"No, I have not. It must be those wretched gipsies in the plantation."

"Very likely. And yet if it were on the lawn I wonder that you did not hear it also."

"Ah, but I sleep more heavily than you."

"Well, it is of no great consequence at any rate," she smiled back at me, closed my door, and a few moments later I heard her key turn in the lock."

"Indeed," said Holmes. "Was it your custom always to lock yourselves in at night?"

"Always."

"And why?"

"I think that I mentioned to you that the Doctor kept a cheetah and a baboon. We had no feeling of security unless our doors were locked."

"Quite so. Pray proceed with your statement."

"I could not sleep that night. A vague feeling of impending misfortune impressed me. My sister and I, you will recollect, were twins, and you know how subtle are the links which bind two souls which are so closely allied. It was a wild night. The wind was howling outside, and the rain was beating and splashing against the windows. Suddenly, amidst all the hubbub of the gale, there burst forth the wild scream of a terrified woman. I knew that it was my sister's voice. I sprang from my bed, wrapped a shawl round me, and rushed into the corridor. As I opened my door I

seemed to hear a low whistle, such as my sister described, and a few moments later a clanging sound, as if a mass of metal had fallen. As I ran down the passage my sister's door was unlocked, and revolved slowly upon its hinges. I stared at it horror-stricken, not knowing what was about to issue from it. By the light of the corridor lamp I saw my sister appear at the opening, her face blanched with terror, her hands groping for help, her whole figure swaying to and fro like that of a drunkard. I ran to her and threw my arms round her, but at that moment her knees seemed to give way and she fell to the ground. She writhed as one who is in terrible pain, and her limbs were dreadfully convulsed. At first I thought that she had not recognised me, but as I bent over her she suddenly

she was unconscious, and though he poured brandy down her throat, and sent for medical aid from the village, all efforts were in vain, for she slowly sank and died without having recovered her consciousness. Such was the dreadful end of my beloved sister."

"One moment," said Holmes; "are you sure about this whistle and metallic sound? Could you swear to it?"

"That was what the county coroner asked me at the inquiry. It is my strong impression that I heard it, and yet among the crash of the gale, and the creaking of an old house, I may possibly have been deceived."

"Was your sister dressed?"

"No, she was in her nightdress. In her right hand was found the charred stump of a match, and in her left a matchbox."



"HER FACE BLANCHED WITH TERROR."

shrieked out in a voice which I shall never forget, 'Oh, my God! Helen! It was the band! The speckled band!' There was something else which she would fain have said, and she stabbed with her finger into the air in the direction of the Doctor's room, but a fresh convulsion seized her and choked her words. I rushed out, calling loudly for my stepfather, and I met him hastening from his room in his dressing-gown. When he reached my sister's side

"Showing that she had struck a light and looked about her when the alarm took place. That is important. And what conclusions did the coroner come to?"

"He investigated the case with great care, for Dr. Roylott's conduct had long been notorious in the county, but he was unable to find any satisfactory cause of death. My evidence showed that the door had been fastened upon the inner side, and the windows were blocked by old-fashioned

shutters with broad iron bars, which were secured every night. The walls were carefully sounded, and were shown to be quite solid all round, and the flooring was also thoroughly examined, with the same result. The chimney is wide, but is barred up by four large staples. It is certain, therefore, that my sister was quite alone when she met her end. Besides, there were no marks of any violence upon her."

"How about poison?"

"The doctors examined her for it, but without success."

"What do you think that this unfortunate lady died of, then?"

"It is my belief that she died of pure fear and nervous shock, though what it was which frightened her I cannot imagine."

"Were there gipsies in the plantation at the time?"

"Yes, there are nearly always some there."

"Ah, and what did you gather from this allusion to a band—a speckled band?"

"Sometimes I have thought that it was merely the wild talk of delirium, sometimes that it may have referred to some band of people, perhaps to these very gipsies in the plantation. I do not know whether the spotted handkerchiefs which so many of them wear over their heads might have suggested the strange adjective which she used."

Holmes shook his head like a man who is far from being satisfied.

"These are very deep waters," said he; "pray go on with your narrative."

"Two years have passed since then, and my life has been until lately lonelier than ever. A month ago, however, a dear friend, whom I have known for many years, has done me the honour to ask my hand in marriage. His name is Armitage—Percy Armitage—the second son of Mr. Armitage, of Crane Water, near Reading. My stepfather has offered no opposition to the match, and we are to be married in the course of the spring. Two days ago some repairs were started in the west wing of the building, and my bedroom wall has been pierced, so that I have had to move into the chamber in which my sister died, and to sleep in the very bed in which she slept. Imagine, then, my thrill of terror when last night, as I lay awake, thinking over her terrible fate, I suddenly heard in the silence of the night the low whistle which had been the herald of her own death. I sprang up and lit the lamp, but nothing was to be seen in

the room. I was too shaken to go to bed again, however, so I dressed, and as soon as it was daylight I slipped down, got a dog-cart at the 'Crown' inn, which is opposite, and drove to Leatherhead, from whence I have come on this morning with the one object of seeing you and asking your advice."

"You have done wisely," said my friend. "But have you told me all?"

"Yes, all."

"Miss Roylott, you have not. You are screening your stepfather."

"Why, what do you mean?"

For answer Holmes pushed back the fringe of black lace which fringed the hand that lay upon our visitor's knee. Five little livid spots, the marks of four fingers and a thumb, were printed upon the white wrist.

"You have been cruelly used," said Holmes.

The lady coloured deeply, and covered over her injured wrist. "He is a hard man," she said, "and perhaps he hardly knows his own strength."

There was a long silence, during which Holmes leaned his chin upon his hands and stared into the crackling fire.

"This is a very deep business," he said at last. "There are a thousand details which I should desire to know before I decide upon our course of action. Yet we have not a moment to lose. If we were to come to Stoke Moran to-day, would it be possible for us to see over these rooms without the knowledge of your stepfather?"

"As it happens, he spoke of coming into town to-day upon some most important business. It is probable that he will be away all day, and that there would be nothing to disturb you. We have a house-keeper now, but she is old and foolish, and I could easily get her out of the way."

"Excellent. You are not averse to this trip, Watson?"

"By no means."

"Then we shall both come. What are you going to do yourself?"

"I have one or two things which I would wish to do now that I am in town. But I shall return by the twelve o'clock train, so as to be there in time for your coming."

"And you may expect us early in the afternoon. I have myself some small business matters to attend to. Will you not wait and breakfast?"

"No, I must go. My heart is lightened already since I have confided my trouble to you. I shall look forward to seeing you

again this afternoon." She dropped her thick black veil over her face, and glided from the room.

"And what do you think of it all, Watson?" asked Sherlock Holmes, leaning back in his chair.

"It seems to me to be a most dark and sinister business."

"Dark enough, and sinister enough."

"Yet if the lady is correct in saying that the flooring and walls are sound, and that the door, window, and chimney are impassable, then her sister must have been undoubtedly alone when she met her mysterious end."

"What becomes, then, of these nocturnal whistles, and what of the very peculiar words of the dying woman?"

"I cannot think."

"When you combine the ideas of whistles at night, the presence of a band of gipsies who are on intimate terms with this old Doctor, the fact that we have every reason to believe that the Doctor has an interest in preventing his stepdaughter's marriage, the dying allusion to a band, and finally, the fact that Miss Helen Stoner heard a metallic clang, which might have been caused by one of those metal bars which secured the shutters falling back into their place, I think that there is good ground to think that the mystery may be cleared along those lines."

"But what, then, did the gipsies do?"

"I cannot imagine."

"I see many objections to any such theory."

"And so do I. It is precisely for that reason that we are going to Stoke Moran this day. I want to see whether the objec-

tions are fatal, or if they may be explained away. But what, in the name of the devil!"

The ejaculation had been drawn from my companion by the fact that our door had been suddenly dashed open, and that a huge man had framed himself in the aperture. His costume was a peculiar mixture of the professional and of the agricultural, having a black top hat, a long frock coat, and a pair of high gaiters, with a hunting crop swinging in his hand. So tall was he that his hat actually brushed the cross bar of the doorway, and his breadth seemed to span it across from side to side. A large face, seared with a thousand wrinkles, burned

yellow with the sun, and marked with every evil passion, was turned from one to the other of us, while his deep-set, bile-shot eyes, and his high thin fleshless nose, gave him somewhat the resemblance to a fierce old bird of prey.

"Which of you is Holmes?" asked this apparition.

"My name, sir, but you have the advantage of me," said my companion, quietly.

"I am Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran."

"Indeed, Doctor," said

Holmes, blandly. "Pray take a seat."

"I will do nothing of the kind. My stepdaughter has been here. I have traced her. What has she been saying to you?"

"It is a little cold for the time of the year," said Holmes.

"What has she been saying to you?" screamed the old man furiously.

"But I have heard that the crocuses promise well," continued my companion imperturbably.



"WHICH OF YOU IS HOLMES?"

"Ha! You put me off, do you?" said our new visitor, taking a step forward, and shaking his hunting crop. "I know you, you scoundrel! I have heard of you before. You are Holmes the meddler."

My friend smiled.

"Holmes the busybody!"

His smile broadened.

"Holmes the Scotland-yard Jack-in-office!"

Holmes chuckled heartily. "Your conversation is most entertaining," said he. "When you go out close the door, for there is a decided draught."

"I will go when I have said my say. Don't you dare to meddle with my affairs. I know that Miss Stoner has been here—I traced her! I am a dangerous man to fall foul of! See here." He stepped swiftly forward, seized the poker, and bent it into a curve with his huge brown hands.

"See that you keep yourself out of my grip," he snarled, and hurling the twisted poker into the fireplace, he strode out of the room.

"He seems a very amiable person," said Holmes, laughing. "I am not quite so bulky, but if he had remained I might have shown him that my grip was not much more feeble than his own." As he spoke he picked up the steel poker, and with a sudden effort straightened it out again.

"Fancy his having the insolence to confound me with the official detective force! This incident gives zest to our investigation, however, and I only trust that our little friend will not suffer from her imprudence in allowing this brute to trace her. And now, Watson, we shall order breakfast, and afterwards I shall walk down to Doctors' Commons, where I hope to get some data which may help us in this matter."

It was nearly one o'clock when Sherlock Holmes returned from his excursion. He held in his hand a sheet of blue paper, scrawled over with notes and figures.

"I have seen the will of the deceased wife," said he. "To determine its exact meaning I have been obliged to work out the present prices of the investments with which it is concerned. The total income, which at the time of the wife's death was little short of £1,100, is now through the fall in agricultural prices not more than £750. Each daughter can claim an income of £250, in case of marriage. It is evident, therefore, that if both girls had married

this beauty would have had a mere pittance, while even one of them would cripple him to a very serious extent. My morning's work has not been wasted, since it has proved that he has the very strongest motives for standing in the way of anything of the sort. And now, Watson, this is too serious for dawdling, especially as the old man is aware that we are interesting ourselves in his affairs, so if you are ready we shall call a cab and drive to Waterloo. I should be very much obliged if you would slip your revolver into your pocket. An Eley's No. 2 is an excellent argument with gentlemen who can twist steel pokers into knots. That and a tooth-brush are, I think, all that we need."

At Waterloo we were fortunate in catching a train for Leatherhead, where we hired a trap at the station inn, and drove for four or five miles through the lovely Surrey lanes. It was a perfect day, with a bright sun and a few fleecy clouds in the heavens. The trees and wayside hedges were just throwing out their first green shoots, and the air was full of the pleasant smell of the moist earth. To me at least there was a strange contrast between the sweet promise of the spring and this sinister quest upon which we were engaged. My companion sat in the front of the trap, his arms folded, his hat pulled down over his eyes, and his chin sunk upon his breast, buried in the deepest thought. Suddenly, however, he started, tapped me on the shoulder, and pointed over the meadows.

"Look there!" said he.

A heavily-timbered park stretched up in a gentle slope, thickening into a grove at the highest point. From amidst the branches there jutted out the grey gables and high roof-tree of a very old mansion.

"Stoke Moran?" said he.

"Yes, sir, that be the house of Dr. Grimesby Roylott," remarked the driver.

"There is some building going on there," said Holmes; "that is where we are going."

"There's the village," said the driver, pointing to a cluster of roofs some distance to the left; "but if you want to get to the house, you'll find it shorter to get over this stile, and so by the footpath over the fields. There it is, where the lady is walking."

"And the lady, I fancy, is Miss Stoner," observed Holmes, shading his eyes. "Yes, I think we had better do as you suggest."

We got off, paid our fare, and the trap rattled back on its way to Leatherhead.



"WE GOT OFF, PAID OUR FARE."

"I thought it as well," said Holmes, as we climbed the stile, "that this fellow should think we had come here as architects, or on some definite business. It may stop his gossip. Good afternoon, Miss Stoner. You see that we have been as good as our word."

Our client of the morning had hurried forward to meet us with a face which spoke her joy. "I have been waiting so eagerly for you," she cried, shaking hands with us warmly. "All has turned out splendidly. Dr. Roylott has gone to town, and it is unlikely that he will be back before evening."

"We have had the pleasure of making the Doctor's acquaintance," said Holmes, and in a few words he sketched out what had occurred. Miss Stoner turned white to the lips as she listened.

"Good heavens!" she cried, "he has followed me, then."

"So it appears."

"He is so cunning that I never know when I am safe from him. What will he say when he returns?"

"He must guard himself, for he may find that there is someone more cunning than himself upon his track. You must lock yourself up from him to-night. If he is violent, we shall take you away to your aunt's at Harrow. Now, we must make the best use of our time, so kindly take us at once to the rooms which we are to examine."

The building was of grey, lichen-blotched

stone, with a high central portion, and two curving wings, like the claws of a crab, thrown out on each side. In one of these wings the windows were broken, and blocked with wooden boards, while the roof was partly caved in, a picture of ruin. The central portion was in little better repair, but the right-hand block was comparatively modern, and the blinds in

the windows, with the blue smoke curling up from the chimneys, showed that this was where the family resided. Some scaffolding had been erected against the end wall, and the stonework had been broken into, but there were no signs of any workmen at the moment of our visit. Holmes walked slowly up and down the ill-trimmed lawn, and examined with deep attention the outsides of the windows.

"This, I take it, belongs to the room in which you used to sleep, the centre one to your sister's, and the one next to the main building to Dr. Roylott's chamber?"

"Exactly so. But I am now sleeping in the middle one."

"Pending the alterations, as I understand. By the way, there does not seem to be any very pressing need for repairs at that end wall."

"There were none. I believe that it was an excuse to move me from my room."

"Ah! that is suggestive. Now, on the other side of this narrow wing runs the corridor from which these three rooms open. There are windows in it, of course?"

"Yes, but very small ones. Too narrow for anyone to pass through."

"As you both locked your doors at night your rooms were unapproachable from that side. Now, would you have the kindness to go into your room, and to bar your shutters."

Miss Stoner did so, and Holmes, after a careful examination through the open window, endeavoured in every way to force

the shutter open, but without success. There was no slit through which a knife could be passed to raise the bar. Then with his lens he tested the hinges, but they were of solid iron, built firmly into the massive masonry. "Hum!" said he, scratching his chin in some perplexity, "my theory certainly presents some difficulties. No one could pass these shutters if they were bolted. Well, we shall see if the inside throws any light upon the matter."

A small side door led into the white-washed corridor from which the three bedrooms opened. Holmes refused to examine the third chamber, so we passed at once to the second, that in which Miss Stoner was now sleeping, and in which her sister had met with her fate. It was a homely little room, with a low ceiling and a gaping fireplace, after the fashion of old country houses. A brown chest of drawers stood in one corner, a narrow white-counterpaned bed in another, and a dressing-table on the left-hand side of the window. These articles, with two small wickerwork chairs, made up all the furniture in the room, save for a square of Wilton carpet in the centre. The boards round and the panelling of the walls were of brown, worm-eaten oak, so old and discoloured that it may have dated from the original building of the house. Holmes drew one of the chairs into a corner and sat silent, while his eyes travelled round and round and up and down, taking in every detail of the apartment.

"Where does that bell communicate with?" he asked at last, pointing to a thick bell-rope which hung down beside the bed, the tassel actually lying upon the pillow.

"It goes to the housekeeper's room."

"It looks newer than the other things?"

"Yes, it was only put there a couple of years ago."

"Your sister asked for it, I suppose?"

"No, I never heard of her using it. We used always to get what we wanted for ourselves."

"Indeed, it seemed unnecessary to put so nice a bell-pull there. You will excuse me for a few minutes while I satisfy myself as to this floor." He threw himself down upon his face with his lens in his hand, and crawled swiftly backwards and forwards, examining minutely the cracks between the boards. Then he did the same with the woodwork with which the chamber was

panelled. Finally he walked over to the bed and spent some time in staring at it, and in running his eye up and down the wall. Finally he took the bell-rope in his hand and gave it a brisk tug.

"Why, it's a dummy," said he.

"Won't it ring?"

"No, it is not even attached to a wire. This is very interesting. You can see now that it is fastened to a hook just above where the little opening for the ventilator is."

"How very absurd! I never noticed that before."

"Very strange!" muttered Holmes, pulling at the rope. "There are one or two very singular points about this room. For example, what a fool a builder must be to open a ventilator into another room, when, with the same trouble, he might have communicated with the outside air!"

"That is also quite modern," said the lady.

"Done about the same time as the bell-rope?" remarked Holmes.

"Yes, there were several little changes carried out about that time."

"They seem to have been of a most interesting character—dummy bell-ropes, and ventilators which do not ventilate. With your permission, Miss Stoner, we shall now carry our researches into the inner apartment."

Dr. Grimesby Roylott's chamber was larger than that of his step-daughter, but was as plainly furnished. A camp bed, a small wooden shelf full of books, mostly of a technical character, an armchair beside the bed, a plain wooden chair against the wall, a round table, and a large iron safe were the principal things which met the eye. Holmes walked slowly round and examined each and all of them with the keenest interest.

"What's in here?" he asked, tapping the safe.

"My stepfather's business papers."

"Oh! you have seen inside, then?"

"Only once, some years ago. I remember that it was full of papers."

"There isn't a cat in it, for example?"

"No. What a strange idea!"

"Well, look at this!" He took up a small saucer of milk which stood on the top of it.

"No; we don't keep a cat. But there is a cheetah and a baboon."

"Ah, yes, of course! Well, a cheetah is just a big cat, and yet a saucer of milk

does not go very far in satisfying its wants, I daresay. There is one point which I should wish to determine." He squatted down in front of the wooden chair, and examined the seat of it with the greatest attention.

"Thank you. That is quite settled," said he, rising and putting his lens in his pocket. "Hullo! here is something interesting!"

The object which had caught his eye was a small dog lash hung on one corner of the bed. The lash, however, was curled upon itself, and tied so as to make a loop of whipcord.

"What do you make of that, Watson?"

"It's a common enough lash. But I don't know why it should be tied."

"That is not quite so common, is it? Ah, me! it's a wicked world, and when a clever man turns his brains to crime it is the worst of all. I think that I have seen enough now, Miss Stoner, and, with your permission, we shall walk out upon the lawn."

I had never seen my friend's face so grim, or his brow so dark, as it was when we turned from the scene of this investigation. We had walked several times up and down the lawn, neither Miss Stoner nor myself liking to break in upon his thoughts, before he roused himself from his reverie.

"It is very essential, Miss Stoner," said he, "that you should absolutely follow my advice in every respect."

"I shall most certainly do so."

"The matter is too serious for any hesitation. Your life may depend upon your compliance."

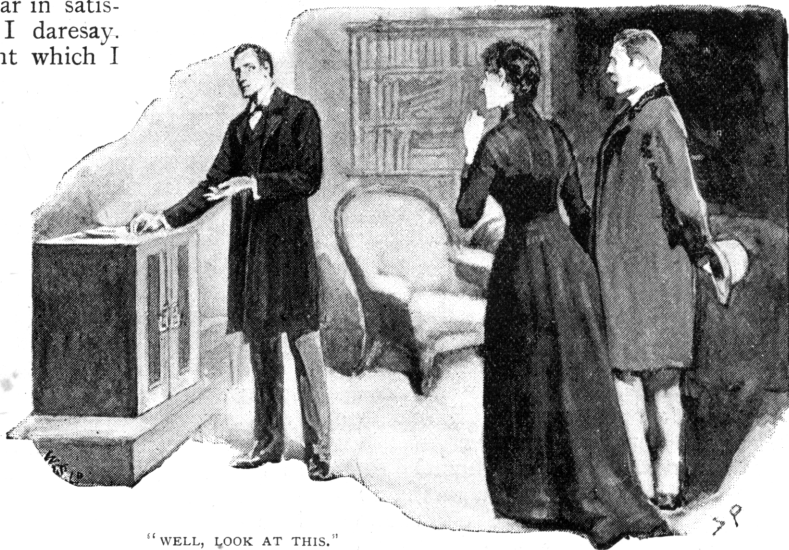
"I assure that I am in your hands."

"In the first place, both my friend and I must spend the night in your room."

Both Miss Stoner and I gazed at him in astonishment.

"Yes, it must be so. Let me explain. I believe that that is the village inn over there?"

"Yes, that is the 'Crown.'"



"WELL, LOOK AT THIS."

"Very good. Your windows would be visible from there?"

"Certainly."

"You must confine yourself to your room, on pretence of a headache, when your stepfather comes back. Then when you hear him retire for the night, you must open the shutters of your window, undo the hasp, put your lamp there as a signal to us, and then withdraw quietly with everything which you are likely to want into the room which you used to occupy. I have no doubt that, in spite of the repairs, you could manage there for one night."

"Oh, yes, easily."

"The rest you will leave in our hands."

"But what will you do?"

"We shall spend the night in your room, and we shall investigate the cause of this noise which has disturbed you."

"I believe, Mr. Holmes, that you have already made up your mind," said Miss Stoner, laying her hand upon my companion's sleeve.

"Perhaps I have."

"Then for pity's sake tell me what was the cause of my sister's death."

"I should prefer to have clearer proofs before I speak."

"You can at least tell me whether my own thought is correct, and if she died from some sudden fright."

"No, I do not think so. I think that there was probably some more tangible cause. And now, Miss Stoner, we must leave you, for if Dr. Roylott returned and



"GOOD-BYE, AND BE BRAVE."

saw us, our journey would be in vain. Good-bye, and be brave, for if you will do what I have told you, you may rest assured that we shall soon drive away the dangers that threaten you."

Sherlock Holmes and I had no difficulty in engaging a bedroom and sitting-room at the "Crown" Inn. They were on the upper floor, and from our window we could command a view of the avenue gate, and of the inhabited wing of Stoke Moran Manor House. At dusk we saw Dr. Grimesby Roylott drive past, his huge form looming up beside the little figure of the lad who drove him. The boy had some slight difficulty in undoing the heavy iron gates, and we heard the hoarse roar of the doctor's voice, and saw the fury with which he shook his clenched fists at him.

The trap drove on, and a few minutes later we saw a sudden light spring up among the trees as the lamp was lit in one of the sitting-rooms.

"Do you know, Watson," said Holmes, as we sat together in the gathering darkness, "I have really some scruples as to taking you to-night. There is a distinct element of danger."

"Can I be of assistance?"

"Your presence might be invaluable."

"Then I shall certainly come."

"It is very kind of you."

"You speak of danger. You have evidently seen more in these rooms than was visible to me."

"No, but I fancy that I may have deduced a little more. I imagine that you saw all that I did."

"I saw nothing remarkable save the bell rope, and what purpose that could answer I confess is more than I can imagine."

"You saw the ventilator, too?"

"Yes, but I do not think that it is such a very unusual thing to have a small opening between two rooms. It was so small that a rat could hardly pass through."

"I knew that we should find a ventilator before ever we came to Stoke Moran."

"My dear Holmes!"

"Oh, yes, I did. You remember in her statement she said that

her sister could smell Dr. Roylott's cigar. Now, of course that suggested at once that there must be a communication between the two rooms. It could only be a small one, or it would have been remarked upon at the Coroner's inquiry. I deduced a ventilator."

"But what harm can there be in that?"

"Well, there is at least a curious coincidence of dates. A ventilator is made, a cord is hung, and a lady who sleeps in the bed dies. Does not that strike you?"

"I cannot as yet see any connection."

"Did you observe anything very peculiar about that bed?"

"No."

"It was clamped to the floor. Did you ever see a bed fastened like that before?"

"I cannot say that I have."

"The lady could not move her bed. It must always be in the same relative position to the ventilator and to the rope—for so we may call it, since it was clearly never meant for a bell-pull."

"Holmes," I cried, "I seem to see dimly what you are hinting at. We are only just in time to prevent some subtle and horrible crime."

"Subtle enough, and horrible enough. When a doctor does go wrong, he is the first of criminals. He has nerve and he has knowledge. Palmer and Pritchard were among the heads of their profession. This man strikes even deeper, but I think, Watson, that we shall be able to strike deeper still. But we shall have horrors enough before the night is over; for goodness' sake let us have a quiet pipe, and turn our minds for a few hours to something more cheerful."

About nine o'clock the light among the trees was extinguished, and all was dark in the direction of the Manor House. Two hours passed slowly away, and then, suddenly, just at the stroke of eleven, a single bright light shone out right in front of us.

"That is our signal," said Holmes, springing to his feet; "it comes from the middle window."

As we passed out he exchanged a few words with the landlord, explaining that we were going on a late visit to an acquaintance, and that it was possible that we might spend the night there. A moment later we were out on the dark road, a chill wind blowing in our faces, and one yellow light twinkling in front of us through the gloom to guide us on our sombre errand.

There was little difficulty in entering the grounds, for unrepai red breaches gaped in the old park wall. Making our way among the trees, we reached the lawn, crossed it, and were about to enter through the window, when out from a clump of laurel bushes there darted what seemed to be a hideous and distorted child, who threw itself upon the grass with writhing limbs, and then ran swiftly across the lawn into the darkness.

"My God!" I whispered; "did you see it?"

Holmes was for the moment as startled as I. His hand closed like a vice upon my wrist in his agitation. Then he broke into a low laugh, and put his lips to my ear.

"It is a nice household," he murmured. "That is the baboon."

I had forgotten the strange pets which the Doctor affected. There was a cheetah, too; perhaps we might find it upon our shoulders at any moment. I confess that I felt easier in my mind when, after following Holmes' example and slipping off my shoes, I found myself inside the bedroom. My companion noiselessly closed the shutters, moved the lamp on to the table, and cast his eyes round the room. All was as we had seen it in the day-time. Then creeping up to me and making a trumpet of his hand, he whispered into my ear again so gently that it was all that I could do to distinguish the words.

"The least sound would be fatal to our plans."

I nodded to show that I had heard.

"We must sit without light. He would see it through the ventilator.

I nodded again.

"Do not go asleep; your very life may depend upon it. Have your pistol ready in case we should need it. I will sit on the side of the bed, and you in that chair."

I took out my revolver and laid it on the corner of the table.

Holmes had brought up a long thin cane, and this he placed upon the bed beside him. By it he laid the box of matches and the stump of a candle. Then he turned down the lamp, and we were left in darkness.

How shall I ever forget that dreadful vigil? I could not hear a sound, not even the drawing of a breath, and yet I knew that my companion sat open-eyed, within a few feet of me, in the same state of nervous tension in which I was myself. The shutters cut off the least ray of light, and we waited in absolute darkness. From outside came the occasional cry of a night bird, and once at our very window a long drawn, cat-like whine, which told us that the cheetah was indeed at liberty. Far away we could hear the deep tones of the parish clock, which boomed out every quarter of an hour. How long they seemed, those quarters! Twelve struck, and one, and two, and three, and still we sat waiting silently for whatever might befall.

Suddenly there was the momentary gleam of a light up in the direction of the ventilator, which vanished immediately, but was succeeded by a strong smell of burning oil and heated metal. Someone in the next room had lit a dark lantern. I heard a gentle sound of movement, and then all was silent once more, though the



"HOLMES LASHED FURIOUSLY."

smell grew stronger. For half an hour I sat with straining ears. Then suddenly another sound became audible—a very gentle, soothing sound, like that of a small jet of steam escaping continually from a kettle. The instant that we heard it, Holmes sprang from the bed, struck a match, and lashed furiously with his cane at the bell-pull.

"You see it, Watson?" he yelled. "You see it?"

But I saw nothing. At the moment when Holmes struck the light I heard a low, clear whistle, but the sudden glare flashing into my weary eyes made it impossible for me to tell what it was at which my friend lashed so savagely. I could, however, see that his face was deadly pale, and filled with horror and loathing.

He had ceased to strike, and was gazing up at the ventilator, when suddenly there broke from the silence of the night the most horrible cry to which I have ever listened. It swelled up louder and louder, a hoarse yell of pain and fear and anger all mingled in the one dreadful shriek. They say that away down in the village, and even in the distant parsonage, that cry raised the sleepers from their beds. It struck cold to our hearts, and I stood gazing at Holmes, and

he at me, until the last echoes of it had died away into the silence from which it rose.

"What can it mean?" I gasped.

"It means that it is all over," Holmes answered. "And perhaps, after all, it is for the best. Take your pistol, and we shall enter Dr. Roylott's room."

With a grave face he lit the lamp, and led the way down the corridor. Twice he struck at the chamber door without any reply from within. Then he turned the handle and entered, I at his heels, with the cocked pistol in my hand.

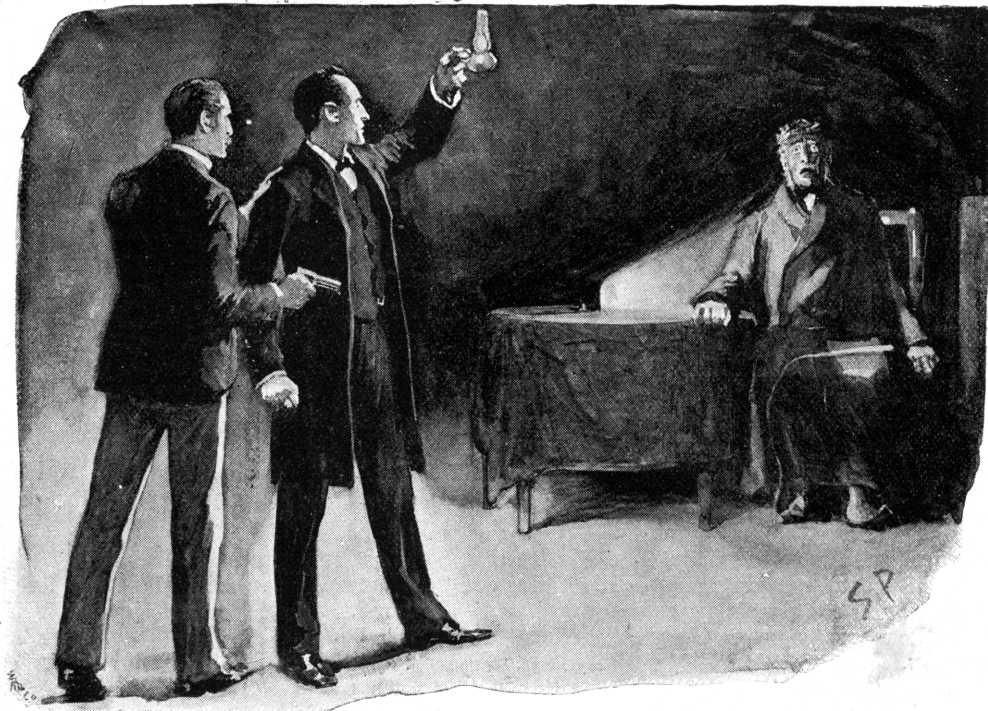
It was a singular sight which met our eyes. On the table stood a dark lantern with the shutter half open, throwing a brilliant beam of light upon the iron safe, the door of which was ajar. Beside this table, on the wooden chair, sat Dr. Grimesby Roylott, clad in a long grey dressing-gown, his bare ankles protruding beneath, and his feet thrust into red heel-less Turkish slippers. Across his lap lay the short stock with the long lash which we had noticed during the day. His chin was cocked upwards, and his eyes were fixed in a dreadful rigid stare at the corner of the ceiling. Round his brow he had a peculiar yellow band, with brownish

speckles, which seemed to be bound tightly round his head. As we entered he made neither sound nor motion.

"The band! the speckled band!" whispered Holmes.

I took a step forward. In an instant his strange headgear began to move, and there reared itself from among his hair the squat diamond-shaped head and puffed neck of a loathsome serpent.

Dr. Grimesby Roylott, of Stoke Moran. It is not necessary that I should prolong a narrative which has already run to too great a length, by telling how we broke the sad news to the terrified girl, how we conveyed her by the morning train to the care of her good aunt at Harrow, of how the slow process of official inquiry came to the conclusion that the Doctor met his fate while indiscreetly playing with a dangerous



"HE MADE NEITHER SOUND NOR MOTION."

"It is a swamp adder!" cried Holmes—"the deadliest snake in India. He has died within ten seconds of being bitten. Violence does, in truth, recoil upon the violent, and the schemer falls into the pit which he digs for another. Let us thrust this creature back into its den, and we can then remove Miss Stoner to some place of shelter, and let the county police know what has happened."

As he spoke he drew the dog whip swiftly from the dead man's lap, and throwing the noose round the reptile's neck, he drew it from its horrid perch, and, carrying it at arm's length threw it into the iron safe, which he closed upon it.

Such are the true facts of the death of

pet. The little which I had yet to learn of the case was told me by Sherlock Holmes as we travelled back next day.

"I had," said he, "come to an entirely erroneous conclusion, which shows, my dear Watson, how dangerous it always is to reason from insufficient data. The presence of the gipsies, and the use of the word 'band,' which was used by the poor girl, no doubt, to explain the appearance which she had caught a hurried glimpse of by the light of her match, were sufficient to put me upon an entirely wrong scent. I can only claim the merit that I instantly reconsidered my position when, however, it became clear to me that whatever danger threatened an occupant of the room could not come either from the window or the

door. My attention was speedily drawn, as I have already remarked to you, to this ventilator, and to the bell rope which hung down to the bed. The discovery that this was a dummy, and that the bed was clamped to the floor, instantly gave rise to the suspicion that the rope was there as a bridge for something passing through the hole, and coming to the bed. The idea of a snake instantly occurred to me, and when I coupled it with my knowledge that the Doctor was furnished with a supply of creatures from India, I felt that I was probably on the right track. The idea of using a form of poison which could not possibly be discovered by any chemical test was just such a one as would occur to a clever and ruthless man who had had an Eastern training. The rapidity with which such a poison would take effect would also, from his point of view, be an advantage. It would be a sharp-eyed coroner indeed who could distinguish the two little dark punctures which would show where the poison fangs had done their work. Then I thought of the whistle. Of course, he must recall the snake before the morning light revealed it to the victim. He had trained it, probably by the use of the milk which we saw, to return to him when summoned. He would put it through this ventilator at the hour that he thought best, with the certainty that it would crawl down

the rope, and land on the bed. It might or might not bite the occupant, perhaps she might escape every night for a week, but sooner or later she must fall a victim.

"I had come to these conclusions before ever I had entered his room. An inspection of his chair showed me that he had been in the habit of standing on it, which, of course, would be necessary in order that he should reach the ventilator. The sight of the safe, the saucer of milk, and the loop of whipcord were enough to finally dispel any doubts which may have remained. The metallic clang heard by Miss Stoner was obviously caused by her father hastily closing the door of his safe upon its terrible occupant. Having once made up my mind, you know the steps which I took in order to put the matter to the proof. I heard the creature hiss, as I have no doubt that you did also, and I instantly lit the light and attacked it."

"With the result of driving it through the ventilator."

"And also with the result of causing it to turn upon its master at the other side. Some of the blows of my cane came home, and roused its snakish temper, so that it flew upon the first person it saw. In this way I am no doubt indirectly responsible for Dr. Grimesby Roylott's death, and I cannot say that it is likely to weigh very heavily upon my conscience."



BY SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, BART., M.P.

I.—INTRODUCTION.



THE world we live in is a fairy land of exquisite beauty; our very existence is a miracle in itself; and yet few of us enjoy as we might, and none can as yet fully appreciate the beauties and wonders which surround us.

The greatest traveller cannot hope, even in a long life, to visit more than a very small part of our earth; and even of that which is under our very eyes how little we see! What we *do* see depends mainly on what we *look for*.

In the same field the farmer will see the crop, sportsmen the cover for game, geologists the fossils, botanists the flowers, the artist the colouring. When we look at the sky it is, in most cases, merely to see whether it is likely to rain. How slight an appreciation of colour most people have is shown by the fact that they often talk of "stone colour," just as if all stones were alike in this respect. "It is good," says Keble, "to have our thoughts lift up to that world where all is beautiful and glorious"; but it is well also to realise how beautiful this world is also.

It has, I know, been maintained—as, for instance, by Victor Hugo—that the general effect of beauty is to sadden:—"Comme la vie de l'homme, même la plus prospère, est toujours au fond plus triste que gaie, le

ciel sombre nous est harmonieux. Le ciel éclatant et joyeux nous est ironique. La nature triste nous ressemble et nous console; la nature rayonnante, magnifique, superbe . . . a quelque chose d'accablant."*

This seems to me, I confess, a morbid view. On the other hand, there are, no doubt, many on whom the effect of natural beauty is to intensify feeling, to deepen melancholy, as well as to raise the spirits. As Mrs. Greg, in her interesting memoir of her husband, tells us:—

"His passionate love for nature, so amply fed by the beauty of the scenes around him, intensified the emotions, as all keen perception of beauty does, but it did not add to their joyousness. We speak of the pleasure which nature and art and music give us; what we really mean is that our whole being is quickened by the uplifting of the veil. Something passes into us which makes our sorrows more sorrowful, our joys more joyful,—our whole life more vivid. So it was with him. The long, solitary wanderings over the hills, and the beautiful moonlight nights on the lake, served to make the shadows seem darker that were brooding over his home."

But surely to most of us Nature, when sombre or even gloomy, is soothing and consoling; when bright and beautiful, not

* "Choses Vues"

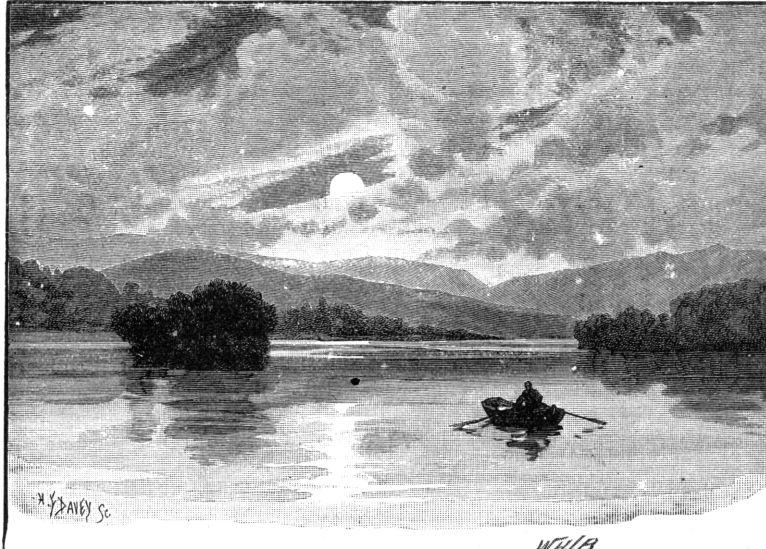
only raises the spirits, but inspires and elevates our whole being.

Those who love Nature can never be dull. They may have other temptations, but at least they will run no risk of being beguiled by *ennui*, idleness, or want of occupation,

Happy indeed is the Naturalist ; to him the seasons come round like old friends, to him the birds sing, and as he walks along, the flowers stretch out from the hedges and look up from the ground. "Year after year, as the flowers die away and the earth

is once more bare, he looks back delighted on the pleasant months along which he has walked hand-in-hand with Nature ; for he feels that his intelligence has been strengthened, his temper sweetened, his love of God increased, by fellowship with her changes, study of her secrets, reverence for her works."*

Though we can never "remount the river of our years," he who loves Nature is always young."



"MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE."

"to buy the merry madness of an hour with the long penitence of after time." The love of Nature, again, helps us greatly to keep ourselves free from those mean and petty cares which interfere so much with calm and peace of mind ; it turns "every ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice," and brightens life until it becomes almost like a fairy tale.

In the romances of the Middle Ages we read of knights who loved, and were loved by, Nature spirits—of Sir Launfal and the Fairy Tryamour, who furnished him with many good things, including a magic purse in which

As oft as thou puttest thy hand therein,
A mark of gold thou shalt iwinne,

as well as protection from the main dangers of life. Such times have passed away, but better ones have come. It is not now merely the few who are so favoured. All those who love Nature, she loves in return, and will richly reward, not perhaps with the good things, as they are commonly called, but with the best things of this world ; not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment and peace of mind.

But what is the love of Nature ? Some people seem to think they show a love of flowers by gathering them. How often one finds a bunch of withered blossoms on the roadside, plucked only to be thrown away ! Is this love of Nature ? It is, on the contrary, a wicked waste, for a waste of beauty is almost the worst waste of all.

If we could imagine a day prolonged for a lifetime, or nearly so, and that sunrise and sunset were rare events which happened but a few times to each of us, we should certainly be entranced by the beauty of the morning and evening tints. The golden rays of the morning are a fortune in themselves ; but we overlook, in fact, the loveliness of Nature, because it is constantly before us. For "the senseless folk," says King Arthur, "is far more struck at things it seldom sees."

Well says Cicero : "Well did Aristotle observe : If there were men whose habitations had been always underground, in great and commodious houses, adorned with statues and pictures, furnished with everything which they who are reputed

* Tuckwell.

happy abound with; and if, without stirring from thence, they should be informed of a certain Divine power and majesty, and, after some time, the earth should open, and they should quit their dark abode to come to us; where they should immediately behold the earth, the seas, the heavens; should consider the vast extent of the clouds and force of the winds; should see the sun, and observe his grandeur and beauty, and also his generative power, inasmuch as day is occasioned by the diffusion of his light through the sky; and when night has obscured the earth, they should contemplate the heavens bespangled and adorned with stars; the surprising variety of the moon, in her increase and wane; the rising and setting of all the stars, and the inviolable regularity of their courses; when," says he, "they should see these things, they would undoubtedly conclude that there are Gods, and that these are their mighty works."*

We may well ask, with Thoreau—

"Is my life vulgar, my fate mean,
Which on such golden memories can lean?"

At the same time the change which has taken place in the character of our religion, has in one respect weakened the hold which nature has upon our feelings. To the Greeks—to our own ancestors, every river or mountain or forest had not only its own deity, but in some sense was itself alive. They were not only peopled by nymphs and oreads, fauns and hamadryads, were not only the favourite abodes of Water, Forest, or Mountain spirits, but they had a conscious existence of their own.

In the Middle Ages, indeed, these spirits were regarded as often mischievous, and apt to take offence, sometimes essentially malevolent—even the most beautiful, like the Venus of Tannhäuser, being often on that very account all the more dangerous; while the mountains and forests, the lakes and seas were the abodes of hideous ghosts and horrible monsters, of giants and ogres, sorcerers and demons. These fears, though vague, were none the less extreme, and the judicial records of the Middle Ages furnish only too conclusive evidence that they were indeed a terrible reality.

The light of science has now happily dispelled these fearful nightmares. Unfortunately, however, as men have multiplied, their energies have hitherto tended not to beautify, but to mar. Forests have been

cut down, and replaced by flat fields in geometrical squares, or on the Continent in narrow strips.

Here and there, indeed, we meet with cases in which beauty has not been sacrificed to wealth; and, happily, it is found that not only is there no incompatibility, but the earth seems to reward even more richly those who have treated her with love and respect.

Scarcely any part of the world affords such a variety in so small an area as our own island. Commencing in the south, we have first the blue sea itself, the pebbly beaches and white chalk cliffs of Kent, the painted sands of Alum Bay, the red sandstone of Devonshire, granite and gneiss in Cornwall. In the south-east, again, we have the chalk downs and the well-wooded weald, and the rich hop gardens; further westwards the undulating gravelly hills, and, still further, the granite tors. In the centre of England we have, to the east, the Norfolk Broads and the Fens: then the fertile Midlands, the cornfields, rich meadows, and large oxen; and, to the west, the Welsh mountains. Further north, the Yorkshire Wolds, the Lancashire hills, the lakes of Westmoreland; lastly, the swelling hills and bleak moors, the trap dykes, and picturesque castles of Northumberland and Cumberland.

Scotland is considered by many even more beautiful.

Every month, again, has its own charms and beauty, and yet too many of us see nothing in the fields but sacks of wheat, in the meadows but trusses of hay, and in woods but planks for houses or cover for game. Even from this more prosaic point of view, how much there is to wonder at and admire in the wonderful chemistry which changes grass and leaves, flowers and seeds, into bread and milk, eggs and cream, butter and honey.

"Almost everything," says Hamerton, "that the peasant does, is lifted above vulgarity by ancient, and often sacred, associations." There is, indeed, hardly any business or occupation with reference to which the same might not be said. The triviality or vulgarity does not depend on what we do, but on the spirit in which *it is done*. Not only the regular professions, but every useful occupation in life, however humble, is honourable in itself, and may be pursued with dignity and peace.

Working in this spirit we have also the satisfaction of feeling that, as in some

* Cicero, De Natura Deorum.

mountain track, every one who takes the right path seems to make the way clearer for those who follow; so may we also raise the profession we adopt, and smooth the way for those who come after us. Even for those who are not agriculturists, it must be admitted that the country has special charms. One, perhaps, is the continual change. Every week brings some fresh leaf or flower, bird or insect. We sit quietly at home and Nature decks herself for us.

In truth we all love change. Some think they do not care for it, but I doubt if they know themselves.

"Not," said Jefferies, "for many years

was I able to see why I went the same round and did not care for change. I do not want change; I want the same old and loved things, the same wild flowers, the same trees and soft ash-green; the turtle-doves, the blackbirds, the coloured yellow-hammersing, sing, singing so long as there is light to cast a shadow on the dial, for such is the measure of his song, and I want them in the same place. Let me find them morning after morning, the starry-white petals radiating, striving upwards up to their ideal. Let me see the idle shadows rest-

ing on the white dust; let me hear the humble-bees, and stay to look down on the yellow dandelion disk. Let me see the very thistles opening their great crowns—I should miss the thistles; the reed grasses hiding the moor-hen; the bryony bine, at first crudely ambitious and lifted by force of youthful sap straight above the hedge-row, to sink of its weight presently, and

progress with crafty tendrils; swifts shot through the air with outstretched wings like crescent-headed, shaftless arrows darted from the clouds; the chaffinch, with a feather in her bill; all the living staircase of the spring, step by step, upwards to the great gallery of the summer, let me watch the same succession year by year."

After all, then, he did enjoy the change and the succession.

Kingsley, again, in his charming prose idyll, "My Winter Garden," tries to persuade himself that he was glad he had never travelled, "having never yet actually got to Paris." "Monotony," he says, "is pleasant in itself; morally pleasant, and morally useful.

Marriage is monotonous, but there is much, I trust, to be said in favour of holy wedlock. Living in the same house is monotonous; but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. Locomotion is regarded as an evil by our Litany. The Litany, as usual, is right. 'Those who travel by land or sea' are to be objects of our pity and our prayers, and I do pity them. I delight in that same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions."

But even as he writes one can see

that he does not convince himself. Possibly, he admits, "after all, the grapes are sour;" and when some years later he did travel, how happy he was! At last, he says, triumphantly, "at last we, too, are crossing the Atlantic. At last the dream of forty years, please God, would be fulfilled, and I should see (and happily not alone) the West Indies and the Spanish Main. From



"I WENT THE SAME ROUND."

childhood I had studied their natural history, their charts, their romances; and now, at last, I was about to compare books with facts, and judge for myself of the reported wonders of the earthly paradise."

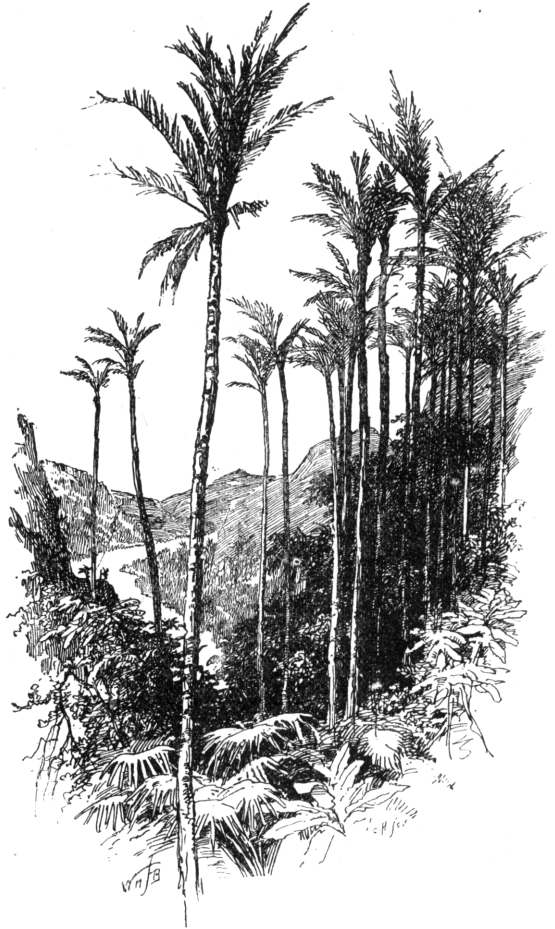
No doubt there is much to see everywhere. The poet and the naturalist will find "tropical forests in every square foot of turf." It may even be better, and especially for the most sensitive natures, to live mostly in quiet scenery, among fields and hedgerows, woods and downs; but it is surely good for everyone, from time to time, to refresh and strengthen both body and mind by a spell of sea air or mountain scenery.

On the other hand we are told, and told of course with truth, that though mountains may be the cathedrals of Nature, they are especially remote from centres of population; that our great cities are grimy, dark, and ugly; that manufactures are creeping over several of our counties, blighting them into building ground, replacing trees by chimneys, and destroying every vestige of natural beauty.

But if this be true, is it not all the more desirable that our people should have access to pictures and books, which may in some small degree, at any rate, replace what they have thus unfortunately lost. Another reason why books may help us is because we cannot all travel; and even those who can, are able after all to see but a small part of the world. Moreover, though no one who has once seen them can ever forget the Alps, the Swiss Lakes, or the Riviera, still the recollection becomes less vivid as years roll on, and it is pleasant, from time to time, to be reminded of their beauties. There is one other advantage not less important. We sometimes speak as if to visit a country and to see it were the same thing. But this is not so. It is not everyone who can see Switzerland like Ruskin or Tyndall. Their beautiful description of mountain scenery depends less on their mastery of the English language, great as that is, than on their power of seeing what is before them.

It has then been to me a matter of much interest to see which aspects of Nature have given the greatest pleasure, or have most impressed those who, either from wide experience, or from their love of Nature, may be considered best able to judge.

Humboldt tells us* that—"If I might be allowed to abandon myself to the recollection of my own distant travels, I would instance, amongst the most striking scenes of Nature, the calm sublimity of a tropical night, when the stars, not sparkling, as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently heaving ocean; or I would recall the deep valleys of the Cordilleras, where the tall and slender palms pierce the leafy veil around them, and waving on high their feathery and arrow-like branches, form, as it were, 'a



"A FOREST ABOVE A FOREST."

forest above a forest'; or I would describe the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, when a horizon layer of clouds, dazzling in whiteness, has separated the cone of cinders from the plain below, and suddenly the ascending current pierces the cloudy veil, so that the

* Humboldt's "Cosmos."

eye of the traveller may range from the brink of the crater, along the vine-clad slopes of Orotava, to the orange gardens and banana groves that skirt the shore. In scenes like these, it is not the peaceful charm uniformly spread over the face of Nature that moves the heart, but rather the peculiar physiognomy and conformation of the land, the features of the landscape, the ever varying outline of the clouds, and their blending with the horizon of the sea, whether it lies spread before us like a smooth and shining mirror, or is dimly seen through the morning mist. All that the senses can but imperfectly comprehend, all that is most awful in such romantic scenes of Nature may become a source of enjoyment to man, by opening a wide field to the creative power of his imagination. Impressions change with the varying movements of the mind, and we are led by a happy illusion to believe that we receive from the external world that with which we have ourselves invested it."

Humboldt also singles out for especial praise the following description given of Tahiti by Darwin :—

"The land capable of cultivation is scarcely in any part more than a fringe of low alluvial soil, accumulated round the base of mountains, and protected from the waves of the sea by a coral reef, which encircles at a distance the entire line of coast. The reef is broken in several parts, so that ships can pass through, and the lake of smooth water within thus affords a safe harbour as well as a channel for the native canoes. The low land, which comes down to the beach of coral sand, is covered by the most beautiful productions of the intertropical regions. In the midst of bananas, orange, cocoanut, and bread-fruit trees, spots are cleared, where yams, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, and pine-apples are cultivated. Even the brushwood is a fruit-tree, namely, the guava, which from its abundance is as noxious as a weed. In Brazil I have often admired the contrast of varied beauty in the banana, palm, and orange tree ; here we have in addition the bread-fruit tree, conspicuous from its large, glossy, and deeply-digitated leaf. It is admirable to behold groves of a tree, sending forth its branches with the force of an English oak, loaded with large and most nutritious fruit. However little on most occasions utility explains the delight re-

ceived from any fine prospect, in this case it cannot fail to enter as an element in the feeling. The little winding paths, cool from the surrounding shade, led to the scattered houses ; and the owners of these everywhere gave us a cheerful and most hospitable reception."

Darwin himself has told us, after going round the world, that "In calling up images of the past, I find the plains of Patagonia frequently cross before my eyes ; yet these plains are pronounced by all to be most wretched and useless. They are characterised only by negative possessions ; without habitations, without water, without trees, without mountains, they support only a few dwarf plants. Why then—and the case is not peculiar to myself—have these arid wastes taken so firm possession of my mind ? Why have not the still more level, the greener and more fertile pampas, which are serviceable to mankind, produced an equal impression ? I can scarcely analyse these feelings, but it must be partly owing to the free scope given to the imagination. The plains of Patagonia are boundless, for they are scarcely practicable, and hence unknown ; they bear the stamp of having thus lasted for ages, and there appears no limit to their duration through future time. If, as the ancients supposed, the flat earth was surrounded by an impassable breadth of water, or by deserts heated to an intolerable excess, who would not look at these last boundaries to man's knowledge with deep but ill-defined sensations ?"

Hamerton, whose wide experience and artistic power make his opinion especially important, says :—

"I know nothing in the visible world that combines splendour and purity so perfectly as a great mountain entirely covered with frozen snow, and reflected in the vast mirror of a lake. As the sun declines its thousand shadows lengthen, pure as the cold green-azure in the depth of a glacier's crevasse, and the illuminated snow takes first the tender colour of a white rose, and then the flush of a red one, and the sky turns to a pale malachite green till the rare, strange vision fades into ghastly grey, but leaves with you a permanent recollection of its too transient beauty."*

Wallace especially and very justly praises the following description of tropical forest scenery given by Belt in his charming "Naturalist in Nicaragua" :—

* Darwin's "Voyage of the Beagle."

* Hamerton's "Landscape."

"On each side of the road great trees towered up, carrying their crowns out of sight amongst a canopy of foliage, and with lianas hanging from nearly every bough, and passing from tree to tree, entangling the giants in a great network of coiling cables. Sometimes a tree appears covered with beautiful flowers which do not belong to it, but to one of the lianas that twines through its branches and sends down great rope-like stems to the ground. Climbing ferns and vanilla cling to the trunks,

conias, leathery melastomæ, and succulent-stemmed, lop-sided leaved and fresh-coloured begonias are abundant, and typical of tropical American forests; but not less so are the cecropia trees, with their white stems and large palmated leaves standing up like great candelabra. Sometimes the ground is carpeted with large flowers, yellow, pink, or white, that have fallen from some invisible tree-top above; or the air is filled with a delicious perfume, the source of which one seeks around in vain,



"THE SHADOWS LENGTHEN.

and a thousand epiphytes perch themselves on the branches. Amongst these are large arums that send down long serial roots, tough and strong, and universally used instead of cordage by the natives. Amongst the undergrowth several small species of palms, varying in height from two to fifteen feet, are common; and now and then magnificent tree ferns send off their feathery crowns, twenty feet from the ground, to delight the sight by their graceful elegance. Great broad-leaved heli-

for the flowers that cause it are far overhead out of sight, lost in the great overshadowing crown of verdure."*

"But," he adds, "the uniformity of climate which has led to this rich luxuriance and endless variety of vegetation is also the cause of a monotony that in time becomes oppressive." To quote the words of Mr. Belt:—"Unknown are the autumn tints, the bright browns and yellows of

* Wallace's "Tropical Nature."

English woods: much less the crimsons, purples, and yellows of Canada, where the dying foliage rivals, nay, excels, the expiring dolphin in splendour. Unknown the cold sleep of winter; unknown the lovely awakening of vegetation at the first gentle touch of spring. A ceaseless round of ever-active life weaves the fairest scenery of the tropics into one monotonous whole, of which the component parts exhibit in detail untold variety of beauty."

Siberia is, no doubt, as a rule, somewhat severe and inhospitable, but M. Patrin mentions with enthusiasm how one day, descending from the frozen summits of the Altai, he came suddenly on a view of the plain of the Obi—the most beautiful spectacle, he says, which he had ever witnessed. Behind him were barren rocks and the snows of winter, in front a great plain—not entirely green, but only green in places, and for the rest covered by three flowers—the purple Siberian Iris, the golden *Hemerocallis*, and the silvery *Narcissus*—all gold and purple and white, as far as the eye could reach.

Wallace tells us that he himself has derived the keenest enjoyment from his sense of colour:—

"The heavenly blue of the firmament, the glowing tints of sunset, the exquisite purity of the snowy mountains, and the endless shades of green presented by the verdure-clad surface of the earth, are a never-failing source of pleasure to all who enjoy the inestimable gift of sight. Yet these constitute, as it were, but the frame and background of a marvellous and ever-changing picture. In contrast with these broad and soothing tints, we have presented to us in the vegetable and animal worlds an infinite variety of objects adorned with the most beautiful and most varied hues. Flowers, insects, and birds, are the organisms most generally ornamented in this way; and their symmetry of form, their variety of structure, and the lavish abundance with which they clothe and enliven the earth, cause them to be objects of universal admiration. The relation of this wealth of colour to our mental and moral nature is indisputable. The child and the savage alike admire the gay tints of flowers, birds, and insects; while to the many of us their contemplation brings a solace and enjoyment which is both intellectually and morally beneficial. It can then hardly excite surprise that this relation was long

thought to afford a sufficient explanation of the phenomena of colour in nature, and although the fact that—

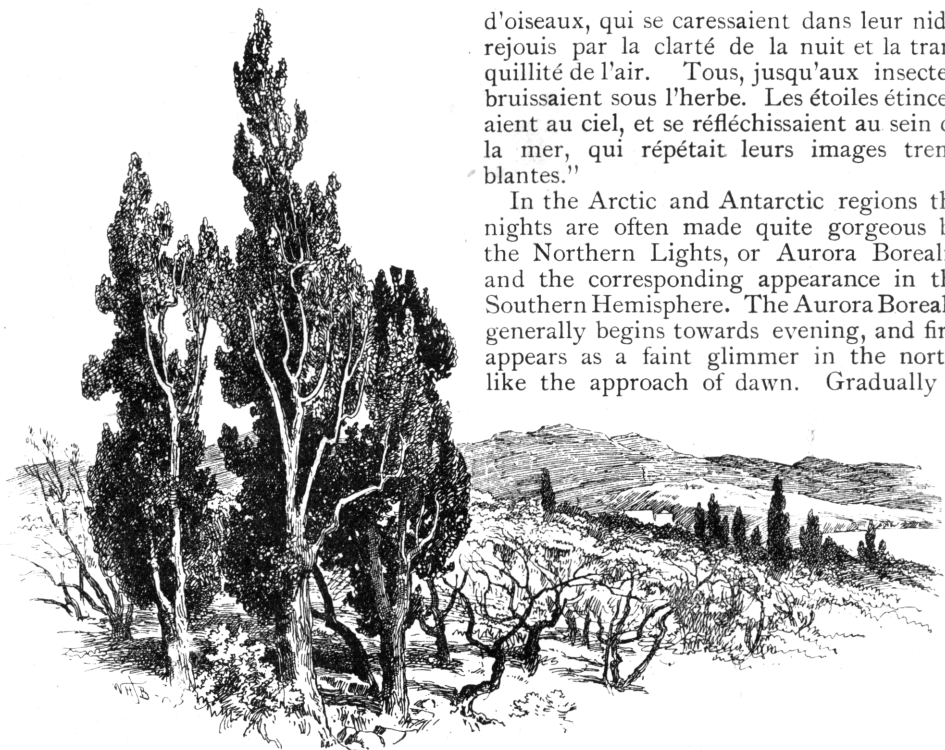
'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,'

might seem to throw some doubt on the sufficiency of the explanation, the answer was easy—that in the progress of discovery, man would, sooner or later, find out and enjoy every beauty that the hidden recesses of the earth have in store for him."

Professor Colvin speaks with special admiration of Greek scenery:—

"In other climates, it is only in particular states of the weather that the remote ever seems so close, and then with an effect which is sharp and hard as well as clear; here the clearness is soft, nothing cuts or glitters, seen through that magic distance; the air has not only a new transparency so that you can see further into it than elsewhere, but a new quality, like some crystal of an unknown water, so that to see into it is greater glory." Speaking of the ranges and promontories of sterile limestone, the same writer observes that the colours of them are as austere and delicate as the forms. "If here the scar of some old quarry throws a stain, or there the clinging of some thin leafage spreads a bloom, the stain is of precious gold, and the bloom of silver. Between the blue of the sky and the tenfold blue of the sea, these bare ranges seem, beneath that daylight, to present a whole system of noble colour flung abroad over perfect forms. And wherever, in the general sterility, you find a little moderate verdure, a little moist grass, a cluster of cypresses—or whenever your eye lights upon the one wood of the district, the long olive grove of the Cephissus, you are struck with a sudden sense of richness, and feel as if the splendours of the tropics would be nothing to this."

Though Jefferies was unfortunately never able to travel, few men have loved Nature more devotedly; and he tells us that: "Of all sweet things there is none so sweet as sweet air—one great flower it is, drawn round about, over, and enclosing us, like Aphrodite's arms, as if the dome of the sky were a bell-flower drooping down over us, and the magical essence of it filling all the room of the earth. Sweetest of all things is wild-flower air. Full of their ideal the starry flowers strained upwards on the bank, striving to keep above the rude grasses that push by them; genius has ever had such a struggle. The plain road was



"A CLUSTER OF CYPRESSES."

made beautiful by the many thoughts it gave. I came every morning to stay by the star-lit bank."

Most travellers have been fascinated by the beauty of night in the tropics. Our evenings no doubt are often delicious also, though the mild climate we enjoy is partly due to the sky being so often overcast. In parts of the tropics, however, the air is calm and cloudless throughout nearly the whole of the year. There is no dew, and the inhabitants sleep on the house-tops, in full view of the brightness of the stars, and the beauty of the sky, which is almost indescribable.

"Il faisait," says Bernardin de St. Pie re of such a scene, "une de ces nuits délicieuses, si communes entre les tropiques, et dont le plus habile pinceau ne rendrait pas la beauté. La lune paraissait au milieu du firmament, entourée d'un rideau de nuages, que ses rayons dissipaient par degrés. Sa lumière se répandait insensiblement sur les montagnes de l'île et sur leurs pitons, qui brillait d'un vert argenté. Les vents retenaient leurs haleines. On entendait dans les bois, au fond des vallées, au haut des rochers, de petits cris, de doux murmures

d'oiseaux, qui se caressaient dans leur nids, rejouis par la clarté de la nuit et la tranquillité de l'air. Tous, jusqu'aux insectes, bruissaient sous l'herbe. Les étoiles étincelaient au ciel, et se réfléchissaient au sein de la mer, qui répétait leurs images tremblantes."

In the Arctic and Antarctic regions the nights are often made quite gorgeous by the Northern Lights, or Aurora Borealis, and the corresponding appearance in the Southern Hemisphere. The Aurora Borealis generally begins towards evening, and first appears as a faint glimmer in the north, like the approach of dawn. Gradually a

curve of light spreads like an immense arch of yellowish white hue, which gains rapidly in brilliancy, flashes and vibrates like a flame in the wind. Often two or even three arches appear one over the other. After a while coloured rays flash upwards in divergent pencils, green below, yellow in the centre, and crimson above; while it is said that sometimes black or dark violet rays are interspersed among the rings of light, and heighten their effect by contrast. Sometimes the two ends of the arch seem to rise off the horizon, and the whole sheet of light throbs and undulates like an immense fringed curtain of light; sometimes the sheaves of rays unite into a gigantic cupola; while at others the separate rays seem alternately lit and extinguished. Gradually the light flickers and fades away, and has generally disappeared before the first glimpse of dawn.

The Southern Aurora is very similar, though said to be somewhat bluer and paler than that of the North.

We seldom see the Aurora in the south of England, but we must not complain; our winters are mild, and every month has its own charm and beauty.

In January we have the lengthening days.

In February, the first butterfly.

In March, the opening buds.

In April, the young leaves and spring flowers.

In May, the song of the birds.

In June, the sweet, new-mown hay.

In July, the golden grain.

In August, the ripening harvest.

In September, the fruit.

In October, the autumn tints.

In November, the hoar frost on trees and the pure snow.

In December, last, not least, the holidays of Christmas and the bright fireside.

Spring seems to revive us all. In the Song of Solomon—

"My beloved spoke, and said unto me,
Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away !
For lo ! the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone ;
The flowers appear on the earth ;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
The voice of the turtle is heard in our land,
And the vines with the tender grape give a good
smell."

It is well to begin the year in January, for we have then before us all the hope of spring.

"Oh, wind !

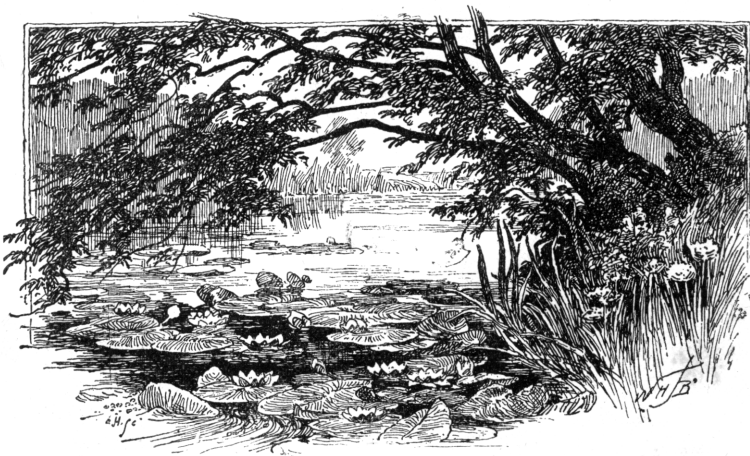
If winter comes, can
spring be far be-
hind ?" *

"But indeed there are days," says Emerson, "which occur in this climate at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, when the air, the heavenly bodies, and the earth, make a harmony, as if Nature would indulge her offspring. . . . "These halcyons may be looked for with a little more assurance in that pure October weather, which we distinguish by the name of the Indian summer. The day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm, wide fields. To have lived through all its sunny hours seems longevity enough. Yet does not the very name of Indian summer imply the superiority of the summer itself—the real, the true Summer, when the young corn is

bursting into ear, the awned heads of rye, wheat, and barley, and the nodding panicles of oats, shoot from their green and glaucous stems in broad, level, and waving expanses of present beauty and future promise? The very waters are strewn with flowers; the buck-bean, the water-violet, the elegant flowering rush, and the queen of the waters, the pure and splendid white lily, invest every stream and lonely mere with grace." *

For our greater power of perceiving, and therefore of enjoying Nature, we are greatly indebted to science. Over and above what is visible to the unaided eye, the two magic tubes, the telescope and microscope, have revealed to us, at least partially, the infinitely great and the infinitely little.

I believe also that Science, our fairy god-mother, will, unless we perversely reject her help and refuse her gifts, so richly endow us, that fewer hours of labour will serve to supply us with the material necessities of life, leaving us more time to ourselves, more leisure to enjoy all that makes life best worth living.



THE WHITE LILY.

"If any one," says Seneca, "gave you a few acres, you would say that you had received a benefit; can you deny that the boundless extent of the earth is a benefit? If a house were given you, bright with marble, its roof beautifully painted with colours and gilding, you would call it no small benefit. God has built for you a mansion that fears no fire or ruin. . . . covered with a roof which glitters in one fashion by day, and in another by night." †

* Shelley.

* Howitt's "Book of the Seasons."

† Seneca, De Beneficiis.

Portraits of Celebrities at different times of their Lives.

AGE 4.

W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 8.

[W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 12.

[W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 17.

[W. & D. Downey.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 24.

[W. & D. Downey.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF TECK.



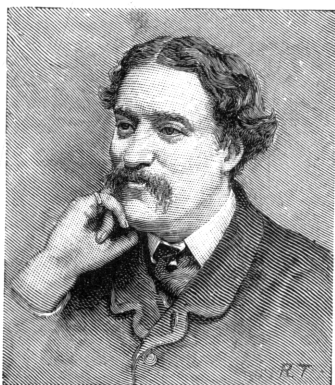
HE present is a particularly appropriate moment to present our readers with the portraits of the Princess Victoria of Teck at

different ages, when the heartfelt sympathy of all the world has been with her in the recent sad bereavement which, on the eve of her marriage, it has been her lot to bear.

[Portraits of the Duke of Clarence, at different ages, appeared in the June number.]



From a Water-colour] AGE 12. [by F. J. Childs.



From a Photo.] AGE 30. [by Watkins.

EDMUND YATES.

BORN 1831.



R. EDMUND HODGSON YATES, who is the son of the well-known actor, was for many years Chief of the Missing Letter Department in the Post Office, and while in that position wrote several well-known novels, of which "Black Sheep" and "The Yellow Flag" have, perhaps, been

the most popular. Mr. Yates, who had himself written successfully for the stage, was for six years the theatrical critic of *The Daily News*. He retired from the



From a Painting by] AGE 48. [W. W. Oules, R.A.

Post Office in 1872, in order to devote himself entirely to literary work, and during the same year went on a lecturing tour in the United States. Two years later he established *The World*, a paper which, at the time of its appearance, marked a new departure in journalism, and which continues successfully to hold its own against a host of younger rivals. A full account of his career appeared in 1884 in his extremely entertaining "Personal Reminiscences."



From a Photo.] AGE 60. [by Barraud.



From a

AGE 19.

[Daguerreotype.]



From a Photo. by]

AGE 31.

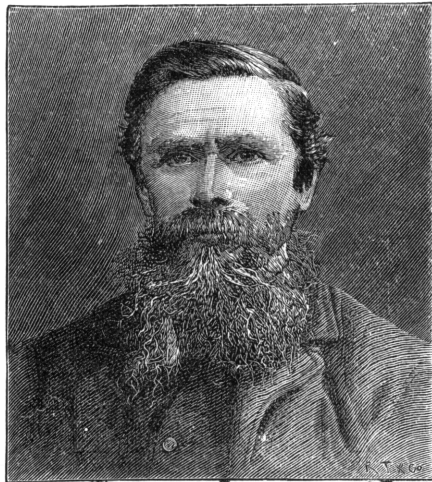
[L. Biny.]



From a Photo. by]

AGE 40.

[C. Watkins.]



From a Photo. by]

AGE 60.

[Barraud.]

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BORN 1831.

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN, who has been spoken of as one of the most voluminous writers of the day, was born at Westminster, and his first short stories appeared in *Once a Week*. These were followed by others in *All the Year Round*, *Chambers's Journal*, and by a considerable number of graphic working-class sketches in *The Evening Star*, under the comprehensive title of "Readings by Starlight." His pen soon began to take longer flights, and some twenty-five three-volume

and fifty one-volume novels have appeared with more or less success, this author's works being even more widely read in Australia and the United States than in England. Among the best known works may be mentioned "The Parson o' Dumford," "This Man's Wife," and "The New Mistress." During the past ten years Mr. Fenn has devoted no little time to the production of boys' stories. These have been very popular, and have made for him a wide and ever-increasing circle of readers. As Mr. Fenn's works show, he is a great lover of out-door life and natural history, beside devoting a good deal of time to experimental gardening.



From a] AGE 28. Photograph.

VICTOR HENRI DE ROCHEFORT-LUÇAY.

BORN 1831.



VICTOR HENRI DE ROCHEFORT-LUÇAY, known under the name of Henri Rochefort, is a celebrated French writer and politician, born in Paris, July 30, 1831. He is descended from an old and distinguished family, one of his ancestors having been Chancellor of France. M. Rochefort at an early period adopted the profession of journalist, to which he has adhered throughout his stormy and chequered career. After writing for various



From a Photo. by] AGE 37. [Carjat

publications, and manifesting a determined and indomitable spirit of independence, M. Rochefort founded, on his own account, the

famous weekly pamphlet called *La Lanterne*, the first issue of which appeared June 1, 1868, and produced a tremendous sensation in France. The writer was speedily compelled to leave France to avoid the imprisonment to which he was sentenced by the tribunals of the Empire. Since the fall of Napoleon III. and the establishment of the Republic in France, M. Rochefort's career has been one of continual agitation. Implicated in the events of the Paris Commune, he was condemned



From a Photo. by] AGE 60. [Walery.

to transportation to the French penal colony of New Caledonia, whence he made his escape ten months afterwards, in March, 1874, on board an English barque, which landed him safely in Australia, whence he made his way to London. Subsequently armisticed, he returned to Paris in 1880, where he founded *L'Intransigeant* the same year. Again obliged to take refuge abroad after the Boulangist trials of 1889, M. Rochefort returned to London, where he has since continued to reside.



From a Drawing by]

AGE 6.

[Victor Doherty.



From a]

AGE 20.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 36.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by]

PRESENT DAY.

[Lankester, Tunbridge Wells

MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.

THE greatest of English pianists was born at St. Servan, in Brittany, 1836. At four years old she played at a charitable concert in that town, having to stand on an improvised board, being too diminutive to play from an ordinary seat. After studying under Kalkbrenner in Paris and Thalberg, she appeared at the national concerts in London when fourteen, fairly astonishing the musical world by her extraordinary technical gifts, her exquisite refinement, and a delicacy of phrasing which in later years constituted her one of the most remarkable pianists of the time.

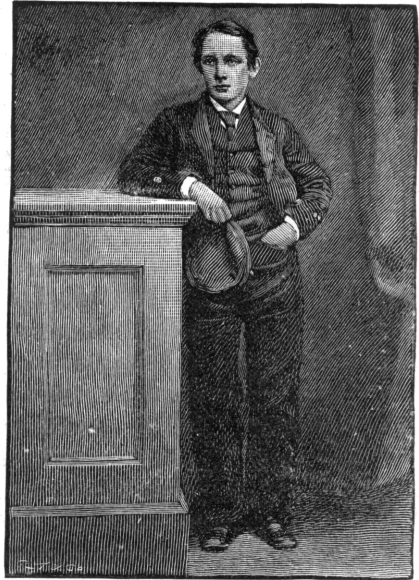
When the Monday Popular Concerts were founded in 1859, Madame Goddard was the particular attraction, and to her much of their subsequent success may be ascribed. All the later pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, hitherto unfamiliar, were introduced by her, and numberless other works of classical importance, both at the Popular concerts and at her Recitals, doubtless advancing musical art in this country by fully twenty years. Since her tour round the world, from 1873 to 1876, she has retired from public playing; but, happily, her valuable advice as a teacher is a thing of the present. Madame Goddard resides at Tunbridge Wells.



From a]

AGE 12.

[Photograph.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 15. [G. W. Fall, Troubridge.

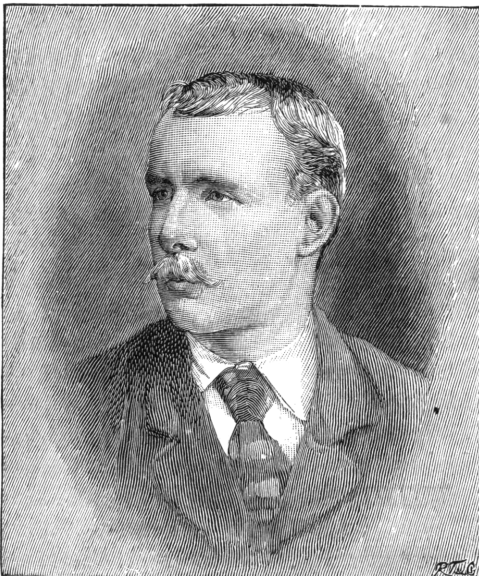
CAPTAIN WEBB.

BORN 1848.



ATTHEW WEBB, whose great feats of swimming and untimely fate are still fresh in mind, was the son of a surgeon, and was

born at Dawley. At twelve he was already a fine swimmer, and at fifteen, when on the *Conway* training ship, he had saved two lives from drowning. Our third portrait was taken just after his great swim from Dover to Calais, and our last portrait represents him just before his fatal attempt to swim the rapids of Niagara, which took place on July 24, 1883.



From a]

AGE 27.

[Photograph.



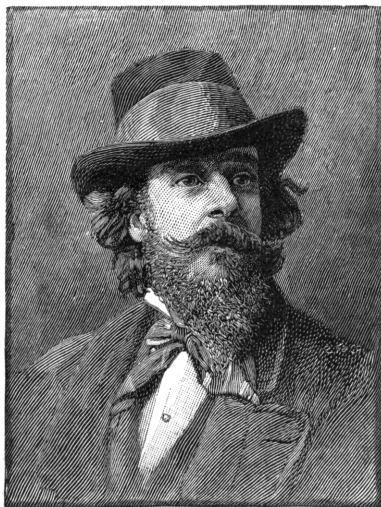
From a Photo. by]

AGE 31.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a] AGE 16. [Daguerreotype.



From a Photo, by] AGE 34. [Rowland Taylor.

SIR JAMES D. LINTON.

BORN 1840.

SIR JAMES DRUMGOLE LINTON, President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, was educated as a designer for stained glass, and was later engaged as a draughtsman for *The Graphic*; but it was in water-colour that he was destined to display the full extent of his ability. At twenty-seven he was elected a member of the Institute, not at that time in a very flourishing condition, and it is largely owing to his enterprise

that the Society increased rapidly in importance, and the present fine building in Piccadilly was erected. He became President in 1884, and one year later—at the



From a Photo.] AGE 45. [by Walery.

age at which our third portrait represents him—he received the honour of knighthood. Sir James Linton's work is remarkable for its excellent draughtsmanship and for its richness and depth of colouring. His "Marriage of the Duke of Albany," painted



From a Photo.] PRESENT DAY. [by Barraud.

by command of the Queen, is one of the most successful subjects of the kind ever represented.

The Prince's Crime.

A TRUE ROMANCE OF INDIA.

By J. E. MUDDOCK, F.R.G.S.



On the banks of the Orsing River, which flows through Oodeypor, and finds its way into the Gulf of Cambay in the Arabian Sea, stands the old and magnificent palace of the Rajas of Chota. The present Raja, Jit Singh, the Chowan, or ruler, is the seventeenth in direct line from Peilab Singh, who long ago was the terror of his country, for the only law he recognised was the law of the sword. Jit Singh possesses many of the qualities of his famous ancestor, and, though an independent Prince, and known as "The Lion of Victories," he is tributary to his more powerful neighbour of Baroda. The palace of Jit Singh is noted for its magnificence. Some of the apartments are decorated with barbaric splendour. In the "Mirror Room" the ceiling is inlaid with real gold and jewels, while the walls are lined with mirrors of burnished silver. In the feudal times the Palace was often besieged; and often, too, there went forth from its grim precincts the Chowan with a powerful following to make war on some neighbouring State. There is a current tradition in connection with the House of Chota that a former Raja had a daughter of entrancing beauty whose hand was sought by two powerful princes. As the Raja did not wish to offend either of them, he bade them fight for the Princess. One was slain, and, when the survivor claimed the hand of the beautiful maiden, her father, being afraid of giving deadly offence to the relatives of the slain prince, put his daughter to death. This Spartan-like spirit has ever been conspicuous in the descendants of the redoubtable Peilab Singh, and it displayed itself a few years ago in Chundra Singh, the second son of the present ruler, whose subjects number between seventy and eighty thousand.

Some years ago Chundra Singh married a lady who was considerably his senior, and

she resided in his zenana in part of the old palace. Three years later Chundra fell in love with the Princess Rajkooverbai, who was the only sister of a powerful noble in a neighbouring State. The Princess was but fifteen years old, but the fame of her beauty had spread throughout almost the whole of India. Her family had ever been noted for the courage of its men, and the beauty of its women; and in Rajkooverbai beauty and courage were blended, so that high-born Hindoos from far and wide sought —her hand. But Chundra's suit found favour with her brother, and he consented to the Princess allying herself with the powerful house of the Chota Rajas; for, though Chundra was the second son, there were probabilities that one day he would rule. But, whether or no, an alliance with such a family was not to be despised. So the wedding was celebrated with all the regal pomp and magnificence which mark Indian marriages in high life.

The name of Chundra's first wife was Naudba, and when her girlish rival, whose dazzling beauty so eclipsed her own, was brought to the zenana, she displayed a fierce hatred for her from the very first meeting. For some time poor little Rajkooverbai tried to propitiate the haughty Naudba, but without success, and the girl's life was made a burden to her. So unhappy did she become that her husband at last gave her private apartments in his palace, and here, with a few attendants, she led a lonely life, though it was preferable to the misery and wretchedness she had endured at the hands of Naudba.

It chanced, unhappily for the Princess, that amongst her husband's retainers was a handsome youth, a young Beluchi, whose name was Saadut. He was the son of a soldier, who was also in the Prince's service, and he had the reputation of being a musician and a poet. He had received an

education superior to most youths in his station of life ; and, being of a studious and observant nature, he had already made himself conspicuous for his knowledge. The result was he became a general favourite in the Palace, and his master allowed him many privileges. Moreover, being of an amorous disposition, he penned love-sonnets for his companions ; and, as he was able to play the cithar well, he set his sonnets to music, and sang them during the languid Indian nights, when, the labours of the day being over, the retainers were free to enjoy themselves after their bent.

Saadut's accomplishments and handsome appearance attracted the attention of the proud and cruel Naudba, to whom it suddenly occurred that she might make him an instrument for ridding herself of her hated rival, the Princess Rajkooverbai, who was the favourite of her husband. "If she were dead," argued Naudba, "I should have the undivided attention and affection of Chundra." Having brought herself to this frame of mind, she set herself to work to give effect to her desires ; and, by the aid of a trusty servant, she sent an artfully couched message to the handsome boy, in which it was hinted that the beautiful Princess Rajkooverbai had, while sitting behind her purda of pierced marble, and which commanded a view of the courtyard, frequently gazed with longing eyes upon him, and that he had only to play his cards well to win her favours and her love.

The designing and treacherous Naudba did not overestimate the material she had to work upon. The mind of Saadut was inflamed, and his vanity flattered. To have attracted the attention of so renowned a beauty as Princess Rajkooverbai was indeed a thing to be proud of, from his point of view. Now, it was true that the

poor little Princess did sit daily behind her screen, where she could see without being seen ; and in her lonely captivity—for the wife of an Indian noble is little better than a captive—she had no doubt heard the laughter and the bustle that went on all day

in the courtyard, and longed and sighed for the freedom enjoyed by the humble followers of her lord, but which—high born as she was—was denied to her. She must even have seen Saadut often enough, and heard him singing his love ditties at night as he accompanied himself on his cithar, while his admiring companions lounged about, and smoked their nilgherries, and bubble-bubbles. Probably, too, her woman's heart may have beat a trifle faster as she gazed on his handsome face, and heard his melodious voice, though it is doubtful whether she



"SAADUT."

would have taken the initiative in making known to him that he had raised in her feelings of admiration. But Saadut, believing the message that had been sent to him, began to dream dreams, and often when the Princess was being carried to her bath in the morning he placed himself in such a position that he got glimpses of her as she reclined in her magnificent palanquin ; and, fancying that his amorous glances found favour, he grew bolder, and, composing love songs artfully framed to make known his passion, he sang them beneath her apartments when he knew that she was seated behind the carved marble purda with none but her women attendants about her.

"Love hath a special voice, and speaks only in one language," says an Indian proverb. And soon, Princess Rajkooverbai, pining in her lonely grandeur, and sighing for the liberty denied to her, but which was enjoyed by those of lowlier birth, awakened to a consciousness of the fact that the hand-



"HE BRIBED A WOMAN."

somest youth amongst all her husband's retainers was filled with love for her. No wonder that her head was turned, when all the circumstances of the case are considered, and, notwithstanding the terrible danger she must have known she ran, she began to give Saadut signs that she was not indifferent to his attentions.

Encouraged by this, Saadut grew still bolder, and he bribed a woman of the Palace to convey a love song he had specially written to the Princess.

For some days he waited in dread suspense, wondering what would be the fate of his missive. He knew perfectly well that his life would not be worth an hour's purchase if the great Chowan came to know that he, a servant, had dared to breathe love to the Princess. But at last his mind was relieved by the receipt of an answer from Rajkooverbai, which she had entrusted to a faithful slave.

For months a correspondence was thus kept up between the girl Princess and the boy retainer, until at last Saadut was moved to plead with the beautiful girl to grant him an interview. Unable to resist his prayer,

she sent back word that on a certain night he might climb to her chamber window by means of a rope ladder she would throw out. The window of the chamber in which was the Princess's couch was little more than twelve feet from the ground, and faced a private garden that was at right angles with the courtyard, but which it was looked upon as all but sacrilege for the servants to enter, as it was sacred to the ladies of the zenana. But what will love not dare! The night chosen for the meeting was one when the lovers knew there would be no moon, and the hour when the Chowan and his sons had sat down to their evening meal. As in most Indian chambers of the kind, the couch

was so arranged that it could be turned into a swinging cot, if desired, by means of hooks in the ceiling, to which cords were attached. The Princess, who had dismissed all her attendants but the faithful slave, caused the slave to knot one of the cords, and lower it from the window. Such a means of ascent presented no difficulties to an Indian youth, and Saadut—who having surreptitiously obtained entrance into the garden, was lying in wait—seized the cord, and in a few moments he and the Princess were clasped in each other's arms. The meeting was necessarily of short duration, but when the lovers parted they vowed to meet again.

Let it not be supposed that during the time Saadut had been making known his passion for Rajkooverbai the jealous and wicked Naudba had remained indifferent. She had lighted the fire, and eagerly she watched its progress, for she had spies all over the Palace; and that first meeting at the window was made known to her. But, with devilish artfulness, she determined that the time was not yet ripe for bringing the matter under the notice of

Chundra. He was greatly attached to the Princess, and Naudba feared that, unless he was aroused to a pitch of fury by jealousy, he would overlook Rajkooverbai's indiscretion, and forgive her. So Naudba waited, like a tigress waiting for her prey. She knew that if she was patient her prey would be secured.

All unaware of their danger, the lovers were emboldened by that first meeting, and three or four letters a day passed between them. At last they resolved to meet again, and an assignation was made. This time the Princess arranged to leave her chamber by means of the knotted cord, and go to a bower in the garden.

The night came, and, as it seemed to the lovers, the very elements favoured them; for not only was it intensely dark, but rain was falling. At the appointed hour, and while her lord feasted, Rajkooverbai silently threw open her casement, and, with the aid of her devoted slave, slid down the cord and fled to the bower where Saadut was waiting for her.

All was silent, save for the whirring and chirping of the thousand and one insects that make an Indian night melodious. The soft rain pattered on the great palm leaves, and drove the fireflies to seek shelter; but the odours of many flowers made the air languid and dreamy. External influences, however, affected not the lovers. Clasped in each other's arms they forgot everything save the passion of love, and on each other's lips they sealed their devotion. But suddenly sounds

arose to which they could not be deaf. They became aware of some extraordinary commotion in the Palace. There was the

scuffling of many feet, the clanking of arms, the flashing of torches, the hubbub of men's voices.

"Allah save us! We are discovered!" whispered the Princess. "Fly—fly, Saadut, as you love me!"

"No," he answered, firmly; "as you are in danger I will share it with you."

"Saadut, Saadut!" she moaned, "pain me not. I may be able to appease my lord's anger; but, should he discover us together, he will slay us both."

"I cannot go and leave you to his wrath," replied Saadut, who was a brave youth. "Fly with me; we may easily gain the river, where we can obtain a boat, and before the day breaks we will be far away."

Rajkooverbai was more practical than he was, and assured him that flight was impossible. Her husband's mounted retainers would scour the country, and leave no road open. Their only chance of escape was by relying on her woman's wit, and trusting to her influence over her husband. In spite of this argument, Saadut seemed reluctant to go. But the commotion was increasing. It was evident the

whole Palace was aroused, and Chundra's deep voice could be heard as in angry tones he called his followers to surround the garden; and already the glare of the torches shone upon the dripping foliage.

"Go—go, in the name of Brama, I beseech you," pleaded the poor Princess, in terrible distress. And, unable to resist her pleadings, Saadut hastily embraced her, and had scarcely time to disappear amongst the thick bushes and clustering palm trees, and climb over a high wall, before the garden was filled with armed men, with

Chundra leading them. Swathing her face in her veil, Rajkooverbai slowly approached her enraged husband, and, restraining her



"FLY—FLY, SAADUT."

excitement as best she could, she asked, as she knelt to him, "What does all this mean, my lord?"

"Foul and degraded being," he answered, "it means that you have dishonoured my name and house, and I am going to kill you."

The Princess rose to her feet proudly, and, believing that her lover was not known, and had effected his retreat, she cared nothing for herself.

"If you think I have dishonoured you," she said courageously,

quarters occupied by the guard of the Palace. His object was to see Saadut's father, and compel him to produce his son; for Naudba's spies, who had conveyed the information that the Princess had escaped from her room, also stated that Saadut was the

lover. But what was Chundra's surprise, when he reached the guardhouse, to find the youth calmly seated, surrounded by companions, to whom he was singing. For the moment the Prince's suspicions were allayed, so far as the lad was concerned. He thought that he must have been

misinformed; and, without speaking, he strode back to the Palace, still maddened with jealous rage.

In the meantime Princess Rajkooverbai had been taken to her apartments. She was battered and bruised by the severe beating her husband had given her. But she showed no signs of fear; she uttered no moan. And now the savage Chundra burst into the room.

"What is the name of thy lover, false one?" he cried menacingly.

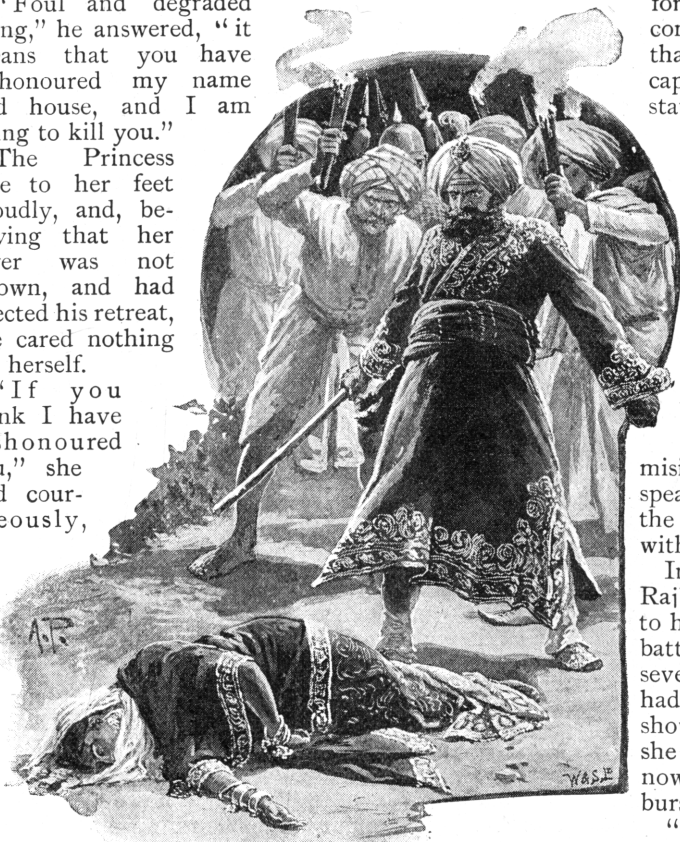
She drew herself up with all the pride of her race, and made answer:

"Think you, my lord, that even if I had a lover I should betray him?"

"Do not seek to deceive me," roared Chundra, "or I'll hack you to pieces."

"Kill me," she answered calmly, "as it so pleases you. But forget not that I am your wife, and of birth as noble as your own. And if you kill me there are those who will avenge my death."

This answer seemed to enrage him more, and he ordered the cowering servants to seize her, and make the cord by which she had lowered herself from the window fast to her ankles. This being done, she was drawn up by means of the hook in the ceiling, and, while she hung in this terrible position, head downwards, her brutal husband belaboured her with a staff until it broke. Then he called for a tulwar, and beat her with the flat part until her dainty



"SHE FELL QUIVERING TO THE GROUND."

"kill me, but not here. Make not our trouble public. Let me go in, and I will kill myself quietly, and you can say I have died of some sudden illness."

To this her husband's only reply was a terrific blow with a staff he carried. And he beat her until she fell quivering to the ground. But in a few moments she sprang up by a desperate effort, and exclaimed with fiery energy:

"My lord, I am not a bullock, that you should beat me thus. I am of royal blood, and demand such treatment as is due to a Princess."

Again her husband's only reply was a savage blow that once more felled her to the ground. Then, ordering some of the servants to convey her to her chamber, he told others to follow him. And he made his way to the courtyard, and to the



"DO NOT SEEK TO DECEIVE ME," ROARED CHUNDRA."

flesh was hacked and bleeding. At last his passion appeared to exhaust itself, and he gave orders that the suffering girl should be released and laid upon her couch.

While this terrible scene was being enacted in the palace, Saadut, yielding to the urgent entreaties of his father, was flying through the darkness of the night to his native village, where he hoped to be safe for a time. But when Chundra left his wife's room, he went straight to Naudba and demanded angrily if she was sure that Saadut was the lover. In reply Naudba produced her spies, who stated positively that it was Saadut. Then the Prince told some of his retainers to arrest the youth, and bring him to the vaults beneath the Palace. And a huge Arabslave was ordered to have ready a large crucible of boiling lead. In a very short time, however, word was brought to the Prince that Saadut was nowhere to be found. This seemed confirmatory of the lad's guilt, and Chundra offered a reward of a thousand rupees for his capture.

The next day Chundra visited his wife again. She was in a terrible state, and unable to move, nevertheless, on her firmly refusing to name her lover, he once more beat her; though, in spite of the torture and agony she suffered, not a sound of murmuring escaped her lips. When the night came and there was no word of Saadut having been captured, the brutal Prince repaired once more to Rajkooverbai's chamber. But she was now in a condition that his brutality could no longer affect her, for she was quite unconscious, and such a pitiable spectacle from the wounds he had inflicted that few men could have looked upon her without being moved. But Chundra was a Rajput Prince, and pity was

unknown to him, when he considered that the honour of his house was at stake, and that wrongs were to be avenged, so, all unconscious as she was, he beat her again and again.

A few hours later, when the Indian dawn was breaking with a dazzling splendour of crimson and gold, poor Princess Rajkooverbai heaved a deep sigh, and, with a smile upon her beautiful face, passed away to one of the seven heavens, where man's brutal passions avail not.

When the Prince was informed of her death, he ordered a report to be spread that she had died of snake-bite, for he knew that, though he was the son of Raja Jit Singh—the Lion of Victories—he might have to answer to the all-powerful Kaiser-i-Hind, the Empress of India, who would tolerate no murder in her dominions if she could help it. Time had been when an Indian Prince could have beaten a dozen of his wives to death, and all that it would have led to would have been a feud, perhaps, between himself and some of his

dead wives' relatives. But those days had gone by; the fierce arbitrament of the sword had given place to the scales of Justice, and Chundra was fully aware that his brutal deed would be called murder in the more enlightened age in which he lived.

By a strange coincidence, on the very day of Princess Rajkooverbai's death, Saadut was captured by some of Chundra's retainers, who had been stimulated in their endeavours by the promised reward of a thousand rupees. They found him in his native village, about thirty miles away; he was kidnapped by a ruse and borne swiftly on horseback to the Palace, where he arrived as the sun was going down.

Women had already laid out the Princess's mangled body, which was now borne secretly through the Palace grounds to the burning ghat, on the banks of the Orsing, where a funeral pyre had already been prepared. No time was lost. The body of the beautiful girl was laid on the pyre, which was immediately fired, and, as the flames mounted high towards the darkening sky, two powerful Hindoos—looking stern and grim as avenging gods—came from the Palace grounds, leading between them the ill-starred Saadut, whose hands

were bound close to his body. They led him to the burning pyre, and one of them said sternly:

"Behold thy handiwork. She who through you dishonoured her lord is being consumed there, and the dark waters of the river that roll on to Cambay's Gulf will bear your accursed soul to the place of the damned, whither she has gone."

Before the youth could make any reply, a silken cord was dextrously twisted round his neck, and he was quickly strangled to death. Then the cords that bound him were cut, and his body was tossed into the rapidly flowing stream and quickly disappeared from sight.

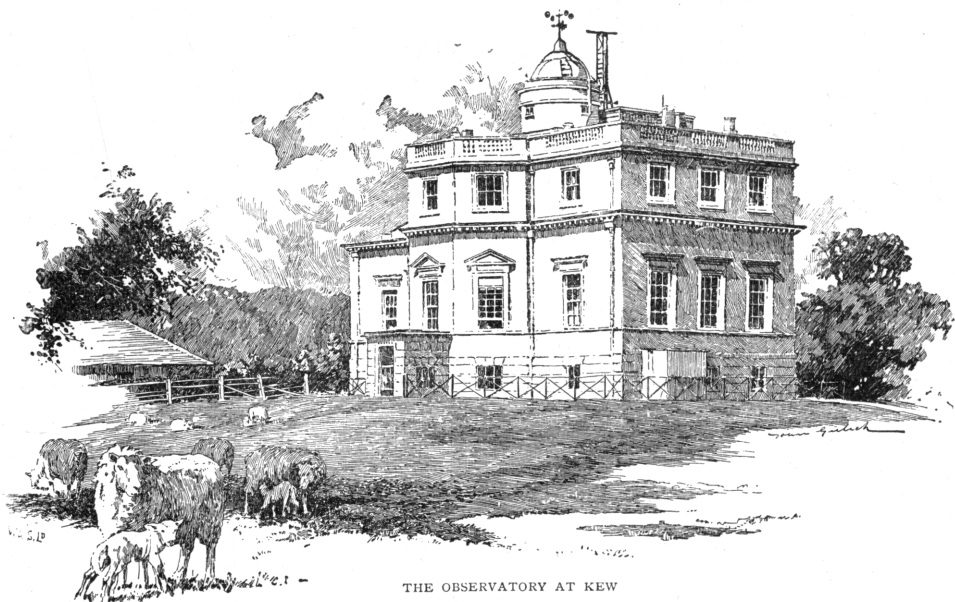
Two hours later the funeral pyre had done its work, and a heap of white ashes alone remained. Then Prince Chundra, of the House of Singh, came from his Palace, and the ashes were collected into a brass bowl and given to him. And standing on the banks of the river he muttered a malediction, and tossed the ashes of his murdered wife to the winds. And all fear of any medical evidence of the cause of her death being obtained was now past.

Thus was consummated one of the cruelest and most romantic crimes that even the annals of India can furnish.



"A SILKEN CORD WAS TWISTED ROUND HIS NECK."

Weather Watchers and their Work.

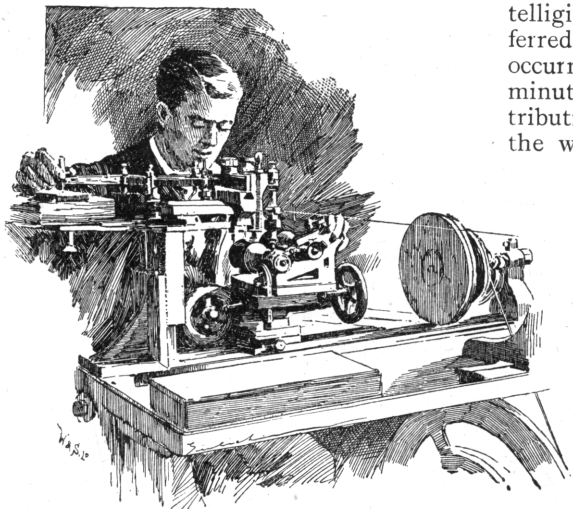


THE OBSERVATORY AT KEW

In old and young, to rich and poor, to the invalid and to the most robust, to the worker and to the pleasure-seeker, the weather is a source of perennial interest. It means so much to every one of us: to our spirits, our tempers, our energies. In some way or other ninety-nine out of every hundred individuals are personally concerned in the response which nature will give to the daily query, "Will it rain?" In the stately entrance halls of the houses of the wealthy, and in the humble abode of the peasant, we shall usually find some proof of the ever-present desire to know what is going to happen meteorologically. In the first case, the rise or fall of the barometer is looked to; in the second, the relative positions of the man and woman in the old Dutch weather-gauge, or the dryness or dampness of the seaweed brought home after some recent holiday, afford an indication of the disposition of the Clerk of the Weather. As a rule, one of the first items turned to in the morning newspaper is the report and forecast issued by the Meteorological Office. One can imagine, for instance, how eagerly the unfortunate agriculturist in the dreary

summer months of 1891 has sought to know the best or worst likely to befall his crops. Farmers are said to be especially fond of forecasts, and one of their number is credited with the assertion that they are a good thing, because if they promise fine weather, although they turn out to be wrong, they at least keep up one's spirits, and give one hopes of better times.

The Clerk of the Weather, as Mr. R. H. Scott, the Chief of the Meteorological Office, is often called, is to be found in Victoria-street, S.W. The Meteorological Office is the centre to which observations taken at some eighty different stations throughout the country come three times daily. In the doorway charts containing the latest observations are posted at 9 a.m., 11 a.m., and 3 p.m., whilst beneath the windows on the first floor the casual passer-by will notice boards which describe the state of the wind and weather at various places on the coasts of Ireland and England. The duty of the office is to secure for the benefit of the public a more or less complete record of the vagaries of nature. Whatever the mood of the great goddess, the meteorologist notes it down. He watches her at peace and at war, and enters up the number of her smiles and the intensity of her



MARKING ADMIRALTY BINOCULARS, KEW.

passion. If she bursts into uncontrollable fury, say at Dublin, or Valentia, or Yarmouth, the information reaches the office, and is despatched broadcast to all whom it may concern. Both calm and storm are registered with extreme care.

The Meteorological Office is divided into three chief departments—(1) The marine, to which go all observations connected with the sea; (2) the land, which deals with the weather on land; and (3) the telegraphic, which concerns itself with the messages sent over the wires daily, and published as soon after they are received as practicable. The observations made are telegraphed at first in brief to the central office, and subsequently are forwarded in detail. When

telligible to the outsider, and is then transferred to a map, all changes which have occurred since the last report being studied minutely. Charts are then prepared for distribution, showing the direction and force of the wind, the barometrical pressure, the temperature, and the atmospheric conditions generally. The comprehensive idea which the Office thus acquires of what Nature is doing over a considerable portion of the earth's surface, enables it to accomplish two useful pieces of work—to forecast the weather for the next twenty-four hours, and, if necessary, to warn particular localities to look out for squalls. Each London newspaper, and many provincial ones, are supplied with the information, whilst the reports are despatched to 400 different people anxious to have the earliest weather intelligence daily. Some people are disposed to laugh at the forecasts made, but in the main they are very trustworthy. It is never possible to be quite sure what will happen at any one spot, but over a district the readings of the



RAIN GAUGES AND SOLAR THERMOMETERS, KEW.

barometer afford the practised meteorologist a fairly accurate idea of what is coming, and it is worthy of note that the failures, or partial failures, in the prophecies during a year are considerably less than 20 per cent. On the coast the prognostications of the Meteorological Office have been of immense service. When a storm is approaching, the port or station receives an intimation to that effect, and many a fisherman and excursionist

any message arrives, it is entered in a book full of symbols unin-

owes his comfort, if not his life, to the friendly storm-cone hoisted to warn him either not to go out or to come in immediately. The belief of some good people in the Meteorological Office is so great that Mr. Scott has frequently received letters asking that certain weather may be arranged for a day on which a flower-show or some other event in which the writers are concerned, takes place. One letter which he preserves came from Southend, and was addressed to—

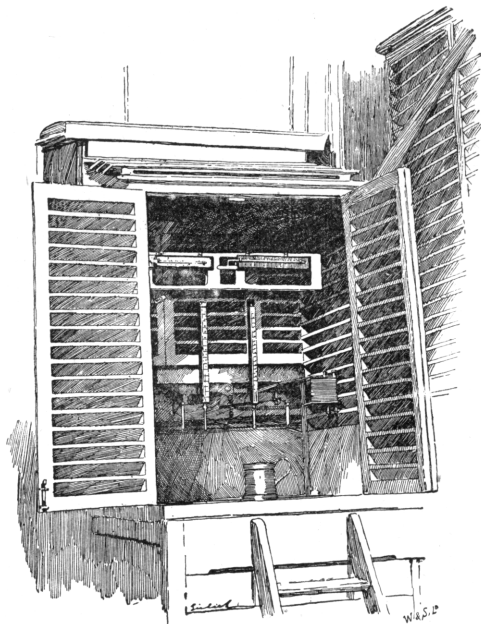
THE CLERK OF
THE WEATHER,
Meteorological

Society,
Sun-court,
London.

It was dated February 15, 1889, and ran:—

"My dear Clerk,—I must tell you I am very tired of this weather. We had some rain and snow. I suppose (*sic*) you know all about it. Mamma told me to write. Please will you send us some fine weather. —(Signed) CONNIE."

The Marine Department of the Office, presided over by Lieutenant Baillie, R.N., is performing the most valuable work of collecting data referring to every current and every wind, and every temperature in every accessible sea. In this work the assistance of ships' captains is enlisted. The Office lends them instruments of the best and most reliable character, comprising one barometer, six thermometers, and four hydrometers. A rough book and a form of meteorological log are presented to the cap-



A THERMOMETER SCREEN.

tain, who, on his return, sends the latter to Victoria-street. Some 200 captains are thus taking notes over various seas, and the logs stored up at the Office already number about 6,000. When the logs come in they are very carefully examined, characters are given them — "good," "very good," or whatever it may be—they are then registered, and become part of the permanent records of the Office. The importance of the observations taken by ships' captains cannot be over-estimated, and ready testimony is paid to the value of their services by the experts who deal with the reports. For some time past, for instance, the Office has been engaged in the study of the currents of the seas over the whole globe, and these, together with cyclone tracks, and every other meteorological eccentricity, are all becoming known as a result of the labours of volunteer observers. Charts of currents for every month of the year are now being produced, and all prove of incalculable use to the mariner in charge of precious cargo, and more precious lives. They tell him what the normal conditions should be, and if the conditions are not

normal, he knows that extra precautions against mishaps must be taken. On the charts the direction of the currents is shown by myriads of tiny arrows of all lengths, an arrow an inch long indicating a current of a hundred miles in the twenty-four hours.

As with the Marine, so with the Land Department. There are any number of volunteer workers



A SUNSHINE RECORDER.

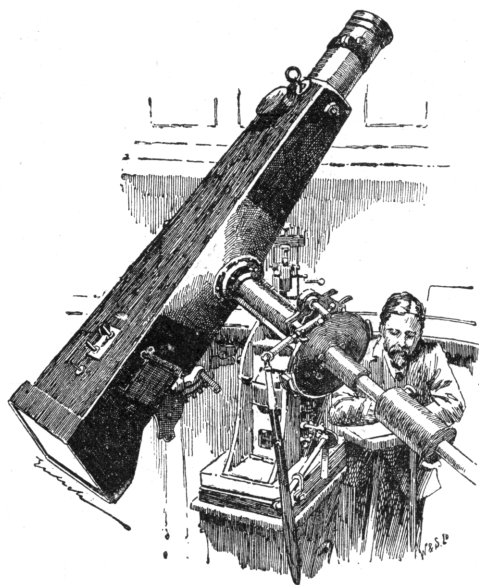
who take observations daily at 9 a.m. and 9 p.m. Throughout the Empire observations are being made by officers of the Royal Engineers and of the Army Medical Department, among them being Sir Charles Warren, whose pictures of the phases of the moon taken at Gibraltar, are religiously preserved. For the convenience of observers of all nations, an international code exists, so that when the observations are entered up they are as intelligible to a Russian or a Frenchman as to an Englishman. The chief work of the Land Department, however, naturally lies within England itself, where it has been very thorough. For years back they can tell one what happened at any particular place near one of their observatories on any particular day. In Victoria-street there is a continuous record of barometrical pressure, of how fast the wind blew, of how much rain fell, and of how much sunshine we enjoyed.

Having now gleaned some idea of the Central Office and its work, we will take a trip to Richmond, and make a hurried inspection of the Kew Observatory. It is convenient to take Kew, because here is to be seen all that is to be seen elsewhere and much more. Kew Observatory does several things besides take notes of the atmosphere. It tests watches, chronometers, telescopes, binoculars, &c., and issues certificates with them. One of our pictures shows a man at work engraving the Kew Observatory monogram on Admiralty binoculars, which have successfully stood the tests applied. Kew Observatory also has a history. It is built on the ruins of a monastery, and is really a Royal Palace, devoted to its present purpose during the Sovereign's pleasure. George III. had a laboratory here, and always took great interest in the observations made from this spot. Before he lost his reason he himself often made observations of the sun passing the meridian, by which the clocks

at the Houses of Parliament and the Horse Guards in Whitehall used to be regulated. The present Observatory was erected by his command in order that the transit of Venus in 1769 might be watched.

Of the thousands of people who go to Kew and Richmond every week, few probably know of the existence of the Observatory, and, when they see it for the first time, either from the river or across a park three-quarters of a mile long, are surprised to find that it does not stand on an elevation. Ben Nevis seems to the ordinary mind a much more appropriate spot for an observatory than a flat field by the river side.

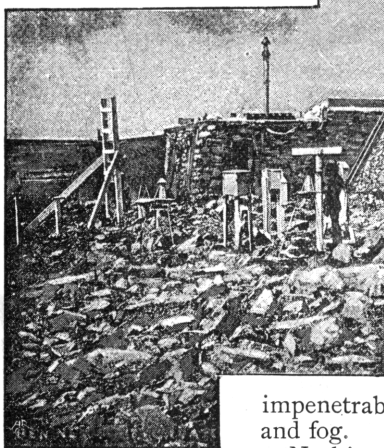
Ben Nevis, among British observatories, is an exceptionally interesting and suggestive place. The mountain itself is the highest in the British Isles. The Observatory, of which, through the courtesy of Mr. R. T. Omond, the superintendent, we are able to give two excellent pictures, is, it should be said, not under the Meteorological Office, but copies of its observations are sent to London regularly in return for an annual grant. When, a few years ago, it was decided to build the Observatory, a public



SOLAR OBSERVATIONS WITH THE PHOTOHELIOGRAPH.

appeal was made for subscriptions, and the widespread interest taken in meteorology is shown by the fact that the sums sent in ranged from 1d. up to £200. Our illustrations afford some idea of the sort of duty the observer on Ben Nevis has to face. For several months of the year the Observatory is, except for the electric wire, entirely cut off from the outer world, and has to be provisioned against the long siege maintained by the elements. One winter, the road up to the top was for six weeks absolutely impassable. In February, 1884, the weather was so bad that the outside instruments had to be studied by two observers lashed together, whilst storms have been so severe at times that observations have been quite out of the question. At other times, Nature seems anxious to compensate the watchers

for these trials, by transferring her demonstrations lower down. The Observatory then enjoys clear sunshine for days and weeks, whilst all below is enveloped in

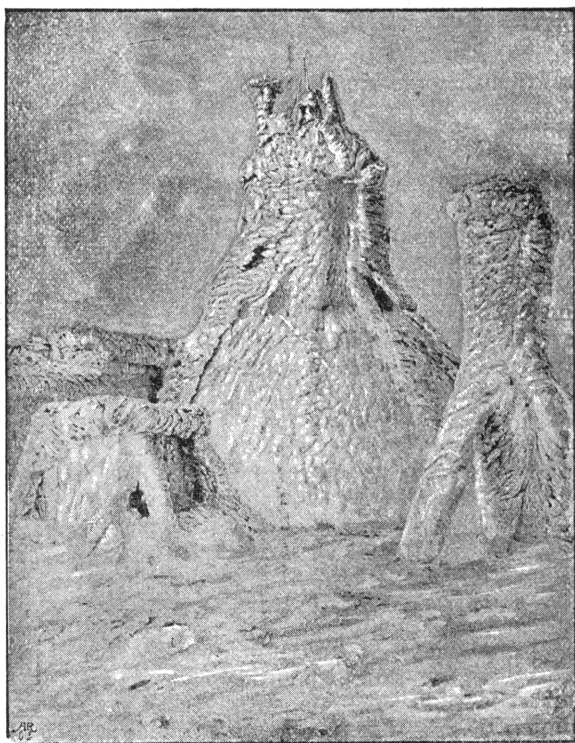


BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.—SUMMER.

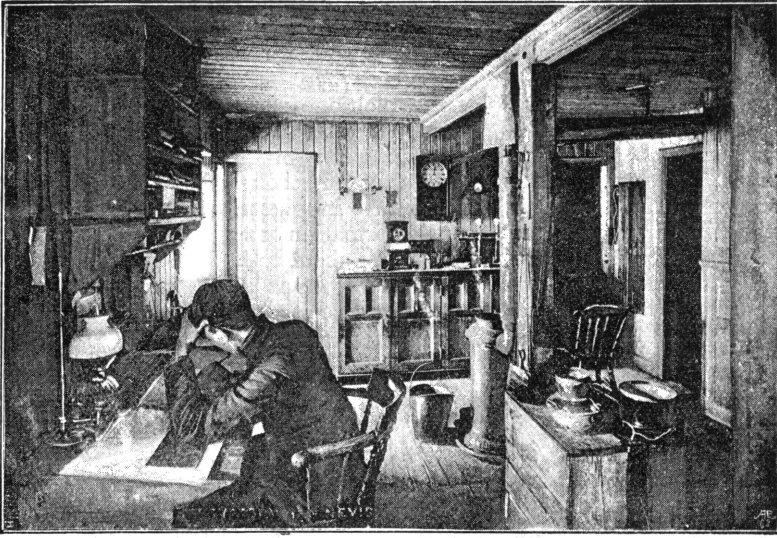
impenetrable mist and fog.

Nothing of this sort, bitter though the weather may be in all parts of the British Isles, is ever seen at the Kew Observatory, to which we are about to pay our hasty visit, under the kindly guidance of Mr. G. M. Whipple, the superintendent. As you approach the Observatory, the first thing you notice and want to know all about, is the anemometer on the top. Four cups at the end of short iron rods are whirling more or less rapidly, according as there is much or little wind. These, you learn, are in connection with an instrument inside the building, which records the rate at which they turn, and consequently the rate at which the wind is travelling. Sometimes Master Boreas takes it in his head to fly over the earth's surface at the not very moderate rate of ninety miles an hour; at others he is content with a few miles in that time. Whatever he does, his pace is infallibly noted. A cylinder revolves by clockwork. When there is little wind, a pencil which touches the paper on the cylinder travels along it horizontally, but when there is much wind it travels across it more or less perpendicularly, as it were. Thus the inclination at which the pencil line runs

round or along the paper indicates the rate at which the wind has passed over the earth's surface. Sometimes it will go for a day right along the cylinder — that will show calm; sometimes it will go a little way along, then suddenly begin to move across it, or at any rate to incline downwards: that would indicate that from a calm there had suddenly sprung up a considerable breeze. Self-recorders are connected also with (1) the barometer, the rise and fall of the mercury being continuously photographed, (2) the magnetometer which, placed in a cellar, marks any magnetic disturbance underground, the movements of the needles being photographically recorded by an ingenious arrangement of



BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.—WINTER.



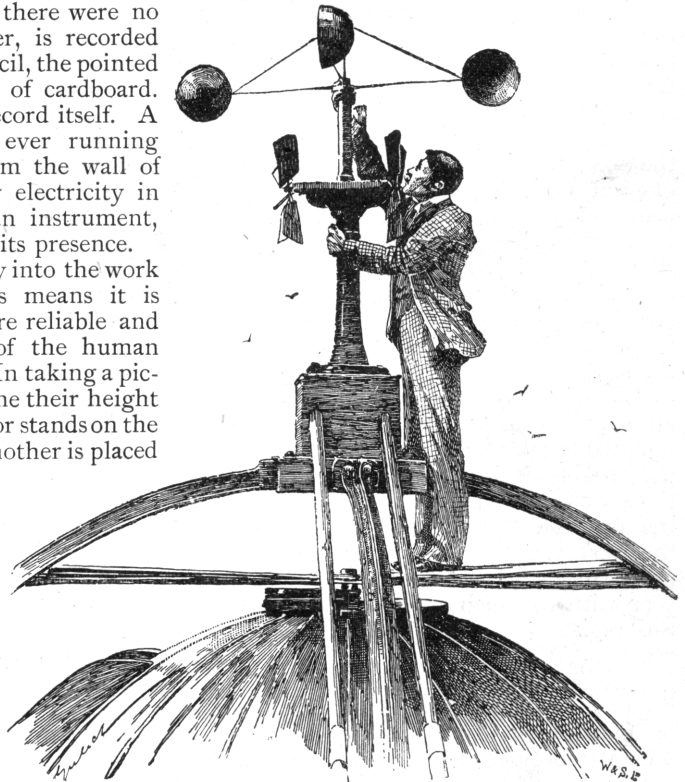
BEN NEVIS OBSERVATORY.—INTERIOR.

of incalculable service in enabling the astronomer to learn more and more of the marvels of the heavens. Innumerable stars which are invisible to the eye of man through however powerful a glass, are caught by the sensitive dry plate, and, as will be seen from our picture of the sky at night (for which we are indebted to the Editor of *Knowledge*), their number is very great.

lights and mirrors, and (3) a temperature and moisture indicator. The rain gauge in the garden is a receptacle provided with a funnel through which the water runs, and the depth to which the earth would be covered if it were flat and there were no means of escape for the water, is recorded by a lever, which moves a pencil, the pointed end of which touches a piece of cardboard. Even lightning is made to record itself. A little stream of water for ever running through a pipe projecting from the wall of the observatory picks up any electricity in the air, and carries it into an instrument, which automatically notifies its presence.

Photography enters largely into the work of the Observatory. By its means it is possible to secure records more reliable and more complete than those of the human hand and eye could ever be. In taking a picture of the clouds, to determine their height and rate of motion, one operator stands on the roof of the Observatory and another is placed half a mile away across the park. The two positions are connected by the telephone, and both men expose their plates at the same instant, so that the cloud is caught from the two points simultaneously. Photography has also, as Professor Huggins in his fascinating address before the British Association in August last showed, been

The large, diamond-like star is one of those which are visible to man's naked orb. At Kew, however, astronomical photography has been limited to investigations of the

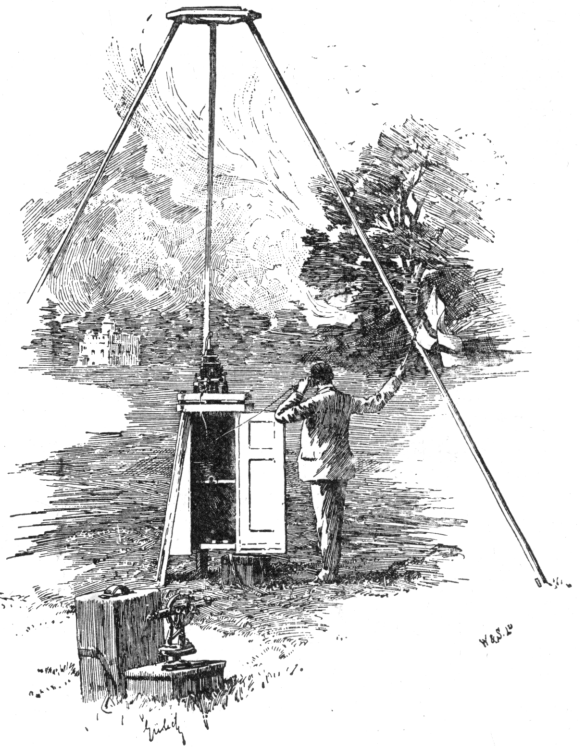


OUTSIDE THE DOME, KEW.—THE ANEMOMETER.

changes taking place in the solar surface. The labours of the Observatory in connection with the sun have been so persistent that photographs taken by the large telescope in the dome of the Observatory exist from 1859 to quite recently. Placed on the roofs so that they may catch any ray of sunshine there may be, are two sunshine recorders. One is a bowl of wood, over which is placed a spherical glass three or four inches in diameter; the other is a brass bowl, inside which is a specially prepared piece of blue cardboard. When the sun shines on the first it burns the wood away, and as the bowl remains there for six months, the amount of wood charred shows what "bright Phœbus" has been doing to gladden this earth of ours during that time; the second records his appearance through one day only. When the sun shines it burns a line on the cardboard, and his disappearance for any length of time is notified by the absence of the charred line. The notion here turned to scientific account is precisely that of the smoker whose matches have failed him. If the sun be shining he takes a spectacle glass, and holding it between the sun and his pipe, secures a light.

Rapid as has been our glance at the operations of both the Meteorological Office and one of the principal observatories associated with it, we have said enough to show their importance. When one thinks of the accumulation of meteorological minutiae which is resulting from the preservation of the reports from so many places as to the wind, rain, sunshine, and all the rest of it, one may be tempted to ask whether it is worth the trouble it involves? If the observations are of use to those who want to know the probable state of the weather during the next twenty-four hours, where can be the utility of tabulating them year after year with as much care as is exercised in the registering of births, marriages, and deaths? Well, many an agriculturist would give a satisfactory reply to this question. Suppose he wishes to ascertain the amount of moisture his land is likely to require. The Meteorological Office can inform him precisely as to the average quantity of rain

which has fallen in his district for years past. Or, supposing one is particularly anxious to ascertain the climatic character of a place where one is thinking of living, or to which one wishes to send an invalid friend. To learn whether the place is dry or damp, windy or quiet, one has only to go to the Meteorological Office, and the chances are its pigeon-holes will supply the very information wanted. Or, say, a civil engineer is about to build sewers in some new locality. One of the things he has to guard against is making them too small



CLOUD PHOTOGRAPHY.

to carry off the rain water which is likely to fall. But how is he to tell whether the normal amount is little or much? He applies to the Meteorological Office, and they can inform him not only how much rain fell on an average every hour of every day in the last twenty years, but exactly how often there had been exceptional downpours, which would make great demands on the drains. The civil engineer thus learns precisely what it is of the utmost importance he should know. Or, to look at the matter from another point of

view, take the question of bridge building. The bursting of a sewer is undoubtedly a serious matter, but the overflowing of a river is more serious still. During last year, it will be remembered both in Australia and in Spain terrible floods occurred. Hundreds of lives were lost, thousands of men and women were rendered homeless, and thousands of pounds' worth of property was destroyed. In both cases—and the coincidence is one which, so far as we know, has never been pointed out—the disaster was attributed to the presence of bridges which were so built that they practically formed dams. In ordinary conditions they

did no harm, but when there came an exceptional volume of water, the structures prevented it from getting away down the proper channel, and the country was inundated, with consequences of the most tragic character. In the future, no bridge not already built ought to be responsible for such a catastrophe. Weather watchers and recorders will be able to tell the engineer what is possible, if not probable, and he will construct his bridge accordingly. However much, therefore, we may laugh at the meteorological prognosticator, we cannot deny that the work of meteorology is of the very highest utility.



A STAR PHOTOGRAPH.

His Chance at Last.

BY HARRY HOW.

CLEMENT and Henry Walford were twin brothers—how like and yet how unlike. In appearance there was everything to lead one to see that they could both lay claim to the same birthday; their faces were

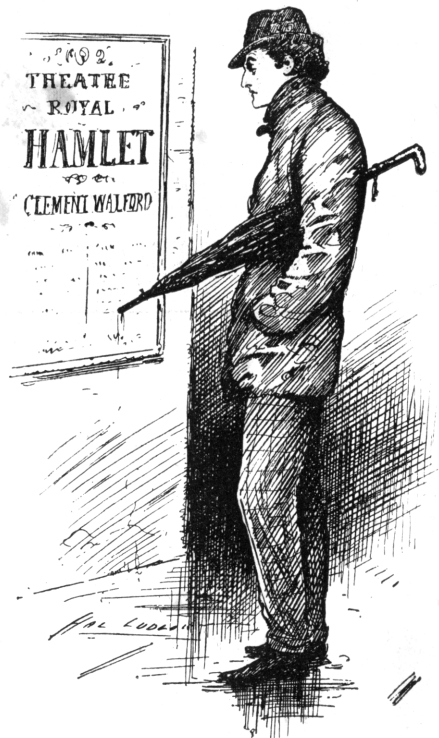
small measure, and, two years previous to her death, they had launched out in their first struggle to win fresh laurels for the name around which all that was gifted had gathered. Talents, alas! may live and shine, yet they may live and scarcely flicker. To-day, these two men were brothers only in name. The gifts of the one had been recognised by a fickle public, the abilities of the other never even had a thought.

Clement Walford! His name was on everybody's lips. The critics gave him columns in the papers, theatrical managers almost knelt at his feet, and paid eagerly the money he demanded to secure his services; society held open its doors, and the great actor entered at his ease. And Henry? A struggler—nothing more; a disappointed struggler. Clever, but unknown;



CLEMENT WALFORD.

identical, their figures the same. Fortune, however, had placed them in totally distinct channels. Their mother, in her day (for she had been dead these twenty years), was an actress of rare ability, and people had crowded the theatres night after night to follow her impressive acting. Both her sons had inherited her talents in no



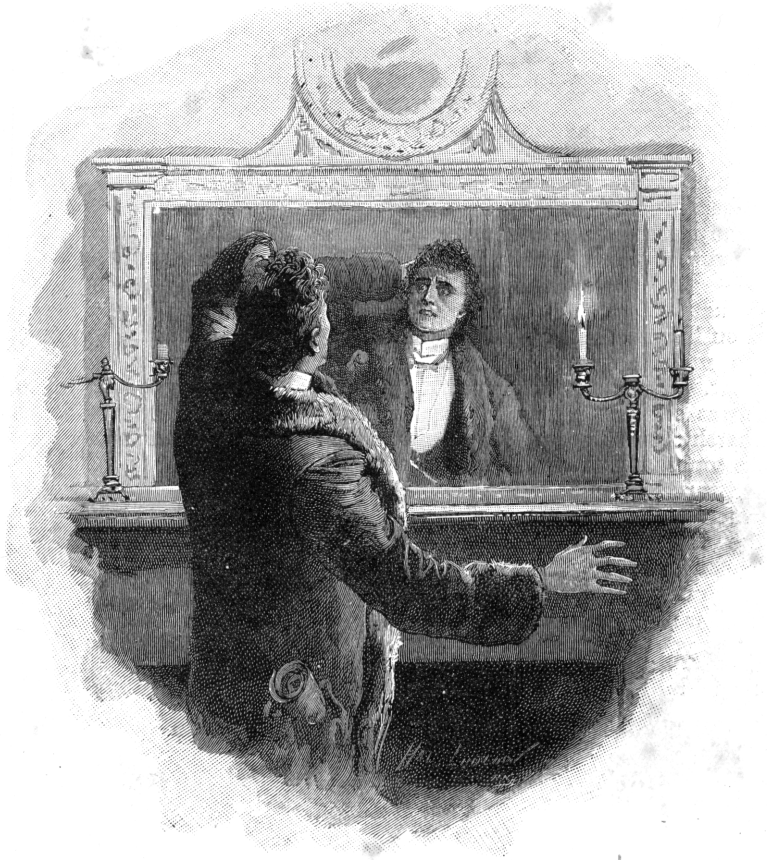
HENRY WALFORD.

gifted, but unheard of. His brother's success may have cut him, but it never discouraged him. He laboured on, still hopeful. Whilst the popular man was rich in London, the other was hovering on the very edges of poverty. There were times when he had been forced to write to his brother a letter asking for help, but no reply ever came. The poor man's wife had even knocked at the great actor's door; but the response from a servant's lips was that "Mr. Walford was engaged." And so the brothers lived. The one utterly oblivious to the ties of relationship, the other hoping for recognition and reconciliation at last.

Clement Walford's triumph was at hand. Hitherto Shakespeare's characters had with him remained untouched, but paragraphs in the newspapers had just appeared, announcing the fact that it was his intention to appear at an early date as *Hamlet*. Everybody, from manager to public, was sanguine of a great success; it was the topic of the clubs, the conversation of the critics. Clement Walford himself felt inwardly comfortable and satisfied that failure with him could never be. Success! Success! Success! He harped on that word at night, saw the dream of his life realised as he walked the streets to rehearsal, and heard the enthusiasm of the people, and watched them clamouring there, even in the empty theatre, as scene by scene was gone through at rehearsal on the stage. In all this he was alone with himself. He thought of Clement Walford

and of him alone. A brother! He had none. The other had had the same chances—why did he not take them? If a man, even his own flesh and blood, snapped his fingers at his opportunities, was it for him to put them in his grasp?

The night drew near. The day before the performance had arrived and the last rehearsal had been held. Clement Walford returned to his rooms. He stood before the gilded mantelpiece and looked into the glass. He started back! He felt giddy. Again he looked into the mirror with straining



"HE STARTED BACK."

eye. He had never seen such a deathly pallor on his face before. He smiled at his foolishness. He attempted to reach a chair, but found his feet would scarcely carry him. Make what effort he might his head was dropping on to his breast, he felt his hands trembling and looked at them to see if it was true.

"Excitement—strain—anxiety—nervous—

ness—overdoing it," he cried; "a drink of water—brandy—will set me right. Where's the bell-rope? Ah! there it is," and crawling towards the cord, across the room, he just managed to reach it when he fell to the ground.

When he awoke he lay in bed, the doctor standing by. He lifted his eyes towards those of the doctor.

"Why—why am I here? How long have I been here? Is this—is this the first night?" he asked.

"You have been here a few hours, that is all," was the doctor's reply. "Lie quite still—keep your hands in bed, now."

"Thank God! Thank God!" the man said, "I was afraid it was the first night. What's the matter with me? What's the matter with me? Why don't you answer? Don't look at me like that; answer me!"

"You have been doing too much lately—you are not strong."

"Not strong!"

"And nothing but perfect rest will bring you round again," the doctor said. "You have—"

"What? what? Tell me quickly!"

"You have broken a blood-vessel."

The man looked at the doctor for a moment. Then he rose in his bed. His voice was scarcely discernible; it was cold and harsh: it was not the voice of the man whose tone had fascinated all its hearers. He looked the medical man wildly in the face. He asked, quietly at first:

"Do you know what to-morrow night is? No; of course you don't. But I do. It is the first night of 'Hamlet,' and I shall be there—there, with the house before me, hanging on every word I utter. Do you think this bed will hold me from my triumph, do you think you, or the warning of any man, will prevent me from welcoming the hour of my success? Not strong! You don't know

me. You are a stranger to my strength. Don't speak a word. I shall only ridicule your warning. I tell you, you don't know me. Take your hand away—take it away. What do you say? Rest—rest here, or I must—what! Die? Die! You talk madly. No, no, I shall live! Live in myself for years, live in the memory of all for ever. After to-morrow night! After to-morrow night! Give me a drink of water!"

With trembling hands the man refused the aid of the doctor, but lifted the glass to his lips and gulped down the contents. Hour after hour passed; the night had gone, and with the first signs of the approaching day the doctor—who had remained a faithful watcher all through the night—drew aside the window-curtains, and the light streamed in upon the man as he lay in his bed. It lit up the face of a man whose life was fast going. He looked almost pitifully towards the doctor.

"I shall be there to-night, eh?" he asked. "I mustn't disappoint them, doctor. Let me run through my lines with you. Do! There is my Shakespeare—there, on that table by the window. It was my mother's gift. Bring it to me carefully."

The doctor silently did as he was bid. He knew that he was obeying the wishes of one for whom he could not do much more. When he turned his head he saw



'LISTEN!

that the dying man had raised himself in the bed.

"Turn to the Third Act—the First Scene. I enter. Listen now, and tell me what effect this has upon you. Listen !

"To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ? To die,—to sleep,—
No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep ;—
To sleep ! perchance to dream ; ay,—there's the rub—

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come.

"Why do you stare at me ? Keep your eyes on the book and not on me.

"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come."

Then the man stopped. He murmured these words yet again and again ; then, turning to the doctor, he told him what he well knew—that he was dying.

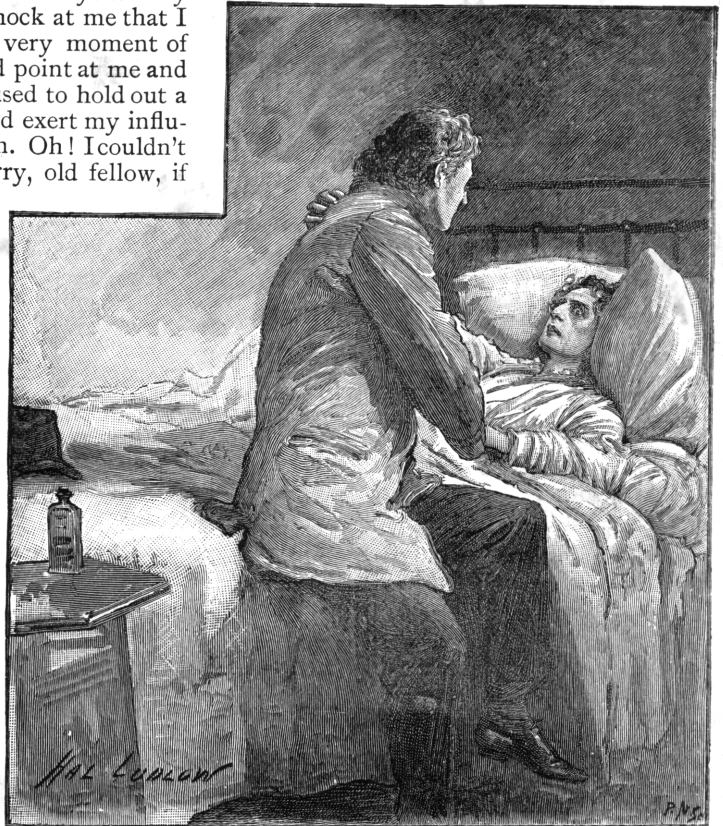
"Do you know what would be my dream in that long sleep ?" he asked wildly and yet plaintively. "I will tell you. My brother ! He would mock at me that I was snapped off in the very moment of my triumph. He would point at me and laugh. I, who had refused to hold out a helping hand to him and exert my influence to better his position. Oh ! I couldn't bear that ! Harry, Harry, old fellow, if I could only see you again, if I could only ask you to forgive me before it is too late ; if I—Doctor" he cried suddenly "I must see my brother Harry ! I must see him ! You'll find his address in that desk—send for him. Tell him his brother Clem wants to speak to him, and do at last what he has always refused. There, in that desk."

The doctor quietly laid the patient's head upon the pillow. Then he told him that which brought a wild smile of gladness to his pallid face. He laughed at the news. His brother Harry was below waiting even then. When

the doctor saw that the man was dying, he had asked the servants if their master had any relations living. They only knew of one—a brother he never saw, a brother who only a few days before had knocked at the door, and had gone away unseen. They knew his address, for he had left it. He had come up to London, hoping against hope that still the great actor would endeavour to get him an engagement. So the doctor telegraphed to him, and he had only just that moment come.

"Send him to me—now—at once," the dying man said in a voice now weak. "Tell him, before he comes up, that his brother Clem is longing to see him."

The doctor went to the door and called ; and when he saw Henry Walford ascending the stairs, he started in surprise. How like these two men were ; how wonderfully like ! But one, though poverty had lined her story upon his face, looked strong and well, the other man was dying fast. Quietly he entered.



"HARRY, OLD BOY, I'M DYING."

"Harry, old fellow," one said, lifting a hand out of bed with a last strength.

"Clem! Clem!" the other cried, taking the proffered hand, and putting the other arm around his neck, and lifting his head up. Then the two men kissed each other.

"Harry, old boy! I'm dying; I know it. I shall have missed to-night, shan't I? but I've found you. Come nearer to me and listen! Harry, I've been cruel to you—you forgive me?"

The other clasped his hand.

"No, no; say it! Say, 'I forgive you!'"

"Clem, my brother; I forgive you, Clem," Henry Walford said, through his tears.

"I shan't be able to talk much, so I must say it quickly. A little water—just wet my lips. Thank you—thank you, old fellow. Now, listen earnestly to me. Come very near. Harry, your chance has come at last—and to-night. You can take it in my stead, for I shan't be here. You know the part? Ah! I thought so—you have played it many times. But mine—mine is a daring plot. There is my fur coat on the back of that chair—put it on. Yes; never mind about letting go my hand—put it on, Harry."

Henry Walford did so.

"Yes—yes—it is myself. Go down to the theatre to-night. Walk in at the stage

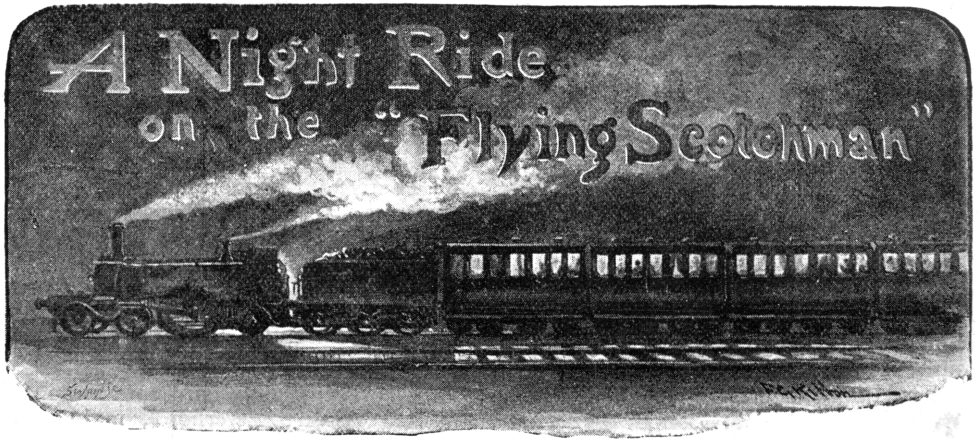
door without saying a word. They will touch their hats to you and let you pass. Go to my room—it is the first on the left. Make-up—dress—everything is there. Be in readiness—the orchestra will commence, the curtain will rise, and—and—as—you—step on to the stage, the house will ring with applause. Your chance—has—come—at—last. Thank God—I—your brother, Clem—can give it to you. Harry—Harry, old fellow—Harry—hold my hand—I'm—good-bye—put your arms—round me—Harry—Harry—"

The man fell back in his brother's arms—dead!

That night the theatre was packed. The stage-door keeper touched his hat to the great actor as he passed through without a word. The prompter's bell rang and the curtain rose. *Hamlet* entered, and the noise was deafening, and when the curtain fell, he who played the Prince was called again and again. On the morrow the newspapers devoted column after column in eulogising a remarkable performance, "one that would live in the memory of all who had seen it." Then, when the truth came out, the excitement and curiosity were increased twofold. Clement Walford was ever remembered, Henry Walford from that night was never forgotten. His chance had come at last.



"THE STAGE-DOOR KEEPER TOUCHED HIS HAT."



By F. G. KITTON.



OF the millions who are wont to travel by rail, how many are cognisant of the heavy and serious responsibility which rests upon those in charge of the train? Even those who understand it do not give the subject a passing thought; familiarity begets indifference, and the tired traveller arrives at his destination unmindful of possible dangers that have been averted by the skill and cool judgment of the driver, the watchfulness of the guard, and by the signalman's strict attention to duty. These indispensable qualifications have brought him safely to his journey's end, after, perchance, a cruel battle with the elements and other conflicting conditions; but, unconscious of all this, he alights from the train, secures his belongings, and looks upon the whole transaction as a matter of course. Only those who have experienced what I am about to describe can fully realise the nature and extent of this responsibility for the safety of human lives, or conceive how great is the continued mental strain to which those in charge of an "Express" are subjected.

Having always entertained a strong desire to indulge in the novel sensation of travelling on the footplate of a locomotive, it may readily be imagined with what feelings of pleasurable anticipation I awaited the realisation of my wish. One fine October

morning I left King's Cross by the 11.45 train as an ordinary passenger to Grantham, armed with an "Engine Pass" for the return journey by the 4.27 p.m. Special Scotch Express. I had selected this particular train and route for two reasons—first, because this Scotch Express (significantly named "The Flying Scotchman") is believed to be the fastest train in the world; and secondly, because this portion of its long journey from the North is performed at the greatest speed, the distance of 105¼ miles being accomplished without stopping.

The engine that conveys me to Grantham will return with the Scotchman to London. It is known by the Company's servants as "No. 774," and was specially attached to this train in order that I might see what could be accomplished in the matter of speed by this particular class of locomotive. It is technically described as an 8-ft. wheel express passenger engine, and was designed by Mr. Patrick Stirling, the engineer of the Great Northern Railway Company. The first of its class was made in 1869, when there was a prospect of very keen competition for the Scotch traffic, and when speed had to play an important part in the contest. In 1880 one of these engines took a special train with the Lord Mayor from King's Cross to York (a distance of 188¼ miles) in a little more than 3½ hours, the average speed being nearly 55 miles an hour; and during the so-called "Race

to Edinburgh," in the summer of 1888, these engines did very good work, averaging $55\frac{1}{4}$ miles per hour. Therefore, engines of this class are principally used for "express" work, the drivers preferring them to any other.

We are timed to reach Grantham at 2.25 p.m., and arrive there punctually to the minute. Here our engine is taken off and shunted into a siding, to await the arrival of the "up" express, the Flying Scotchman, due at 4.22 p.m.; but the two hours' interval does not mean a period of entire rest for the men, for both driver and fireman have important duties to carry out. The former must thoroughly overhaul the engine, examine and lubricate the working parts, while the latter lays in a fresh supply of fuel and water, sufficient for the home journey. When this is satisfactorily accomplished, I introduce myself to the driver as his fellow-traveller to London. A hale,

fireman, welcome me as, for the first time, I step on the footplate. Here the apparently complicated array of levers, gauges, and pipes attracts my attention, and an explanation of their various uses renders clear what had hitherto been unintelligible to me; then I ask Watson to tell me something about himself, for we learn that the Scotchman will be twenty minutes late, so there is time for a chat.

"You want some particulars of my career? Well, sir, I don't know that I have anything important to tell you, for the experience of all engine-drivers is much about the same, although some are unfortunate enough to meet with more accidents than others. I began life as a boy in the lamp-room at Hitchin; then I went into the cleaning-shed at King's Cross, to clean engines at 2s. 6d. a day. After three years I became fireman on a main line passenger train to Peterboro', and in another

five years was promoted to the position of driver of a shunting engine in the 'goods' yard at King's Cross. I was then appointed as driver of local traffic trains, and in due time became driver of the Cambridge express. During the last five years (on and off) I have worked express trains on the Great Northern main line; but it was my ambition to be driver of the special Scotch express, the fastest train in the world; and during the last twelve months I have been regularly employed in running this very train from London to Grantham and back, three Sundays in four excepted. Only four drivers are engaged for this particular journey. Some drivers don't care for fast running, because they get so much shaking, and the journeys are longer without a stop."

I ask Watson whether he has felt any ill effects from so much oscillation.

"Well, sir," he replies, with a smile, "during my thirty-one years in the Company's service I have only been three weeks on the sick list. I consider it a healthy occupation, providing the constitution is

strong and able to stand exposure to all weathers."

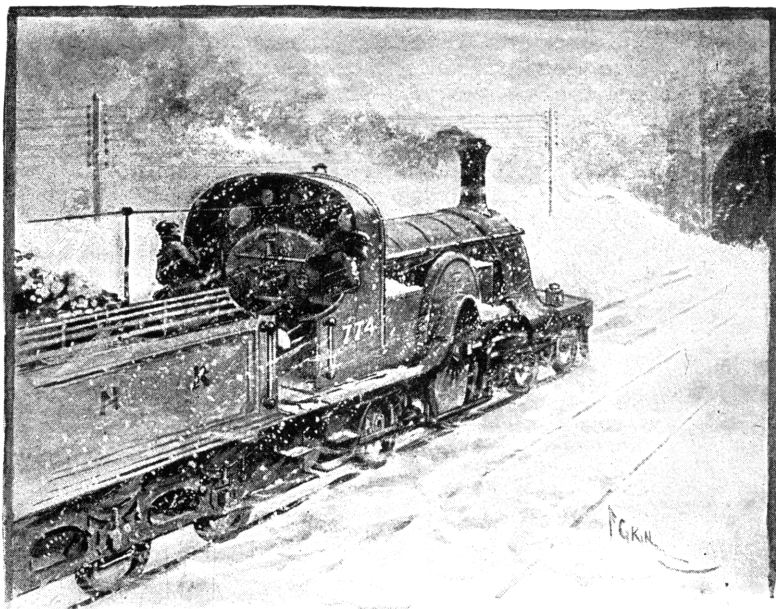
"What is the worst kind of weather you have to contend with?" I inquire.

"Fog, sir, is the worst of all. Snow is bad enough, which blocks up the weather-



SAMUEL WATSON—DRIVER

genial man is Samuel Watson—of medium stature, with iron-grey whiskers, whose ruddy complexion sufficiently indicates that he is none the worse for years of constant exposure to our variable climate. He and his cheerful mate, Harry Collarbone, the



"SNOW."

glasses, and to see the signals you must face the blinding storm; but in foggy weather we can't see them until we are on them. We don't depend entirely upon the fog-signals or detonators."

In reply to my inquiry whether he had ever been the unfortunate cause of an accident, or ever experienced anything unusually exciting during his twenty-four years' career as driver, Watson says:—

"I have never been in any accident, such as collisions or running off the track, but I regret to say that it has been my misfortune to be present at seven inquests held over the bodies of persons whom I had unavoidably run over. Some of these were negligent servants of the Company, while others were strangers unlawfully straying on the line. At night it is impossible to see anybody in danger, but in the daytime we keep a sharp look-out, and give a warning whistle when necessary. Only last week I noticed in the distance ahead a 'goods' train. He stood in my road, unconscious of danger; I blew the whistle as the train rushed towards him, but he couldn't get away, and fell back on the metals. I knew it was all up with him; and, having quickly stopped the train, I went back to look for the body. I was first on the spot, but only to find that the poor little chap was literally cut to pieces—a horrible sight. We were travelling full

speed when the accident occurred, and couldn't pull up in time to save the lad."

"Besides these sad cases, have you experienced any sensation of fright from narrow escapes?"

"No, sir, except that on thick nights it does give you a bit of a start when you find yourself running with express speed past signals set against you. Then your heart leaps into your mouth, and you put on the brake as quickly as pos-

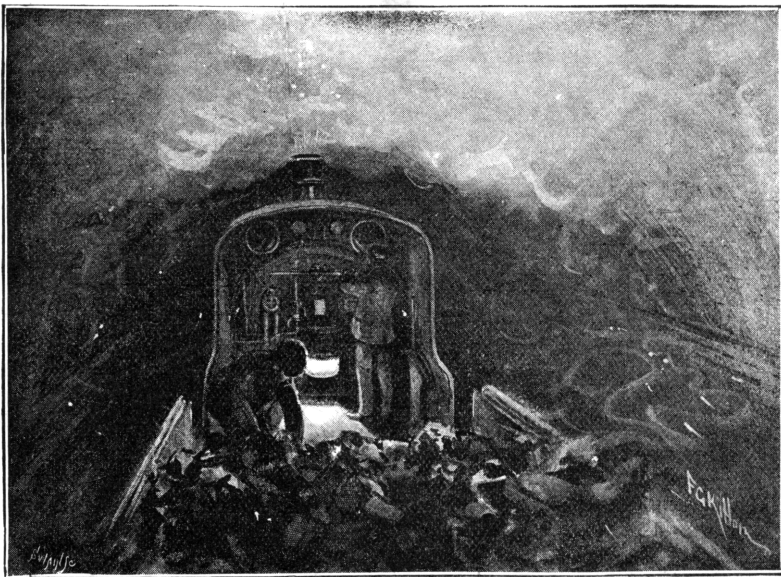
sible. This sort of thing makes you feel queer at the time."

Such is the simple record of Watson's life. But a brave heart beats beneath the rugged exterior of such men as he, who are ever ready to do their duty to the public in times of accident, and often risk their very lives for the public good by remaining at their posts when danger is imminent, thereby hoping to avert it. While the train is running the driver's whole soul is in his work, his attention being entirely concentrated upon the engine and the signals ahead. This constant strain upon his faculties during a long journey is excessively great, and he feels acutely the serious responsibility of his position, well knowing that an oversight on his part may cause a terrible disaster.

By this time the arrival of the Scotchman is announced, and we steam into the station to be hooked on to the train. With a "Right you are!" from the guard, and a sharp whistle from the engine, off we go on our momentous journey. At Watson's suggestion, I find a convenient post for observation in the corner by the left-hand weather-glass; and, although the view is certainly very much circumscribed, the position is fairly comfortable, being sheltered from wind and smoke, besides which I am out of the way of the men. We are not travelling fast yet, as there is a steady climb of five miles up a steep gradient (or

"bank," as the driver calls it) to Stoke Box, and gradients make all the difference in the running of the train. The stoker shovels coal into the furnace, and everything is done to assist the engine in performing the extra work which is now called for. Our speed gradually increases. The graceful spire of Grantham Church—a conspicuous landmark—is soon lost in the rear, as we bowl along at thirty-five miles an hour, now through a cutting, now under a viaduct, and now with a straight road before us. The tiny aperture in the distance is the entrance to a tunnel, which appears so ludicrously small that it seems as though the funnel of the engine could not escape collision with the arch; but this delusion is

at every mile. Corby (eight miles from Grantham) is reached in something like twelve minutes, and with a short whistle we fly through the little station with a velocity that hardly permits us to read its name on the board. Still descending the incline, our speed increases until Watson (desirous, no doubt, of exhibiting the best paces of his favourite engine) shouts in my ear, "You are now travelling as fast as anyone ever did travel, I think! *Seventy-five miles an hour!!*" This is really exciting; one feels exhilarated by such rapid motion, the engine leaping along as though endowed with life. Oscillation increases with speed, and, in order to preserve my balance, I find a friendly hook near the weather-glass con-



"THE EFFECT IN THE TUNNEL IS WEIRD AND IMPRESSIVE."

quickly dispelled, for now we are rushing into the darkness of the subterranean passage, and can already see a glimpse of daylight at the other end.

The effect in the tunnel is weird and impressive, as the glare of the furnace, increased by the surrounding darkness, lights up the features of the fireman as he replenishes the flames, and illumines the cloud of steam and smoke that rushes over the train behind us. Out in the open once more we quickly reach Stoke Box, the summit of the Great Northern route, and directly we get over the brow of the hill, the train gathers fresh impetus, and away we go with a roar and a rattle, past signals and telegraph posts with a speed increasing

venient to hold on by. Away, with a roar and a rattle! No sooner are distant signals seen than we are upon them; no sooner do we realise that an object half-a-mile away is a wayside cottage than we reach it, rush by, and leave it far behind. Another whistle announces our approach to Little Bytham, and down the hill at a fearful pace to Essendine, near which is Crowland Abbey, immortalised in Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake." Although I find some difficulty in preserving my equilibrium, I endeavour to take notes, but under such circumstances even the late Anthony Trollope would have despaired, accustomed as he was to writing in the train. I watch the driver and fireman as they perform their respective duties;

Watson, with his hand upon the brake in readiness for any emergency, looks earnestly for his signals, and the fireman shovels the damp coal upon the gleaming furnace below. Fresh fuel is frequently required—



"THE FIREMAN SHOVELS THE DAMP COAL UPON THE FLAMING FURNACE."

a dozen shovelfuls at a time, fairly distributed, in order to maintain equality of consumption and regularity of heat. The water-gauge must also be watched, and the boiler occasionally replenished by raising a lever connected with the supply in the tank.

Away, with a rattle and a roar! Signals are passed every three or four minutes, and those at Tallington (the next station) are seen by the practised eye of the driver long before my untrained vision detects them. Watson has excellent sight (an essential qualification), for he can distinguish day signals at a distance of nearly two miles, and the red light three or four miles away. Rushing past Tallington Station, we enter Northamptonshire and the level country of the Fen district; here we spin along to Werrington Junction, and soon observe on our left the stately towers of Peterboro' Cathedral, looming grey in the gloaming. As the shades of evening close in, the night

signals are lighted, and the coloured illumination at Peterboro' Junction looks pretty in the distance, but to distinguish our particular signal among so many is an intricate problem to me. We slacken pace as we approach Peterboro', having accomplished the twenty-nine miles from Grantham in thirty-two minutes—rather less than a mile a minute. From the bridge spanning the river we notice the picturesque effect of the various lights reflected in the water, and, again increasing our speed, quickly leave the cathedral town behind us.

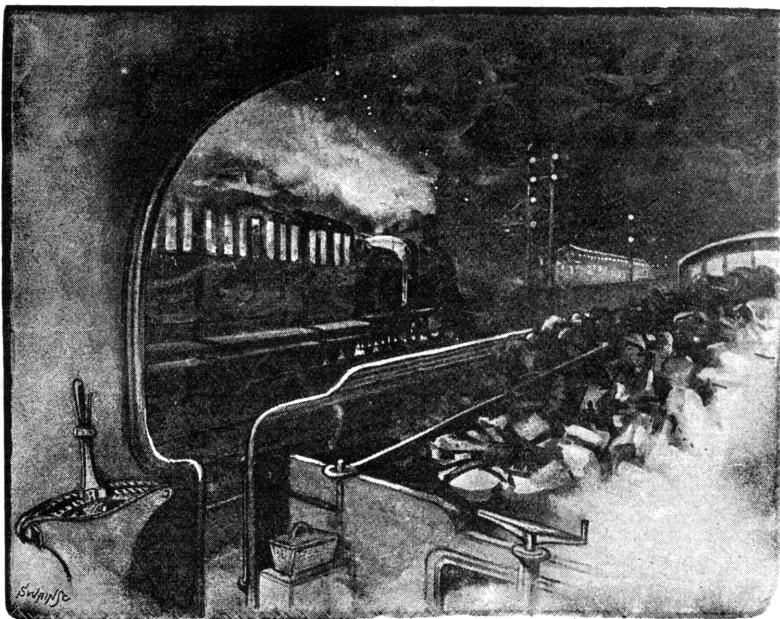
The sun has set, and, as the night grows darker, the signal-lights gleam more brightly. Now we are in the county of Huntingdon. The little station at Yaxley flashes by, and we have a level run to Holme—thirty-six miles in forty minutes. A steep climb of six miles to Abbots Ripton gives the engine extra work, but it is done gallantly, at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. At Abbots Ripton (where resides Lord de Ramsey, one of the directors of the Great Northern Railway) a terri-

ble accident occurred in January, 1876. The weather was extremely boisterous and stormy, the snow falling in large flakes, and seriously obscuring the look-out of the driver and guards of the train, who declared they never before experienced a storm of such severity. The Scotch express, due at King's Cross at 8.10 p.m., started on its up-journey from Edinburgh, and proceeded in safety as far as Abbots Ripton, where a coal train was signalled to cross into a siding, to allow the express to go by. The greater portion of the trucks had passed into the siding, when the express came up at full speed, and struck the coal train in the rear of the engine. The effect was disastrous, the engine of the express being thrown over and completely disabled, and several carriages broken up. One of the drivers, accompanied by his guard and two or three others, was ordered to go to Huntingdon on his engine for assistance; but he had not proceeded far when the Leeds

express was discerned dashing onwards through the blinding storm. It was the work of a moment for the driver to sound his whistle, in token of danger ahead, the guard meanwhile waving his red lamp; but these signals were disregarded, and the engine of the Leeds express literally cut its way through the tender of the Scotch train. The increasing storm, the piteous cries of the wounded, and the shouts of others anxious to be released from the broken carriages were heartrending, while the lurid glare of burning wreckage, ignited by the furnace fire, produced a scene of painful interest never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Twelve persons were killed, among whom was the eldest son of the late Mr. Dion Boucicault, the well-known dramatic author and actor. In the Scotch express were Lord Colville, present chairman of the Great Northern Railway Company; Mr. Robert Tennant, then M.P. for Leeds; and Count Schouvaloff, Russian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, all of whom happily escaped injury. The accident is supposed to have been caused by a blocking of the signals with snow. Fortunately for us, no danger threatens to-night from such a cause, for the sky is cloudless, and the stars shine brightly. Another journey might afford a very different and much more unpleasant experience; as, for example, in foggy or snowy weather, or in blinding sleet, when exposure to the elements would not be enjoyable. A thunderstorm at any time has its disadvantages, but the effect as seen from an engine at full speed must be thrilling and impressive, when the lightning-flash suddenly illumines the country around, bringing instantaneously into view each feature of the landscape, only to

plunge it the next moment into obscurity.

Away! With rattle and roar we speed down the bank to Huntingdon; there, a mile off, are the signals and station lights—a shrill whistle, and we are upon them, they flash by, and we are in the open country again. Here we notice a result of the recent heavy rains in the overflow of the Ouse and consequent submersion of the race-course; but, when bowling along at seventy miles an hour, it is not easy to take in every detail of this watery scene. In the distance ahead a curious light is seen, growing larger as it approaches, and looking uncommonly like a gigantic flaming squib, which presently resolves itself into a passing train, whose engine belches forth volumes of sparks—quite a brilliant display against the dark background. We make such a rattle ourselves that other trains rush by apparently without a sound, so this one disappears as mysteriously as it came, like a veritable fiery phantom. Now the station



'A PASSING TRAIN.'

light at Offord flash by, and we have accomplished half our journey in excellent time, the driver remarking that "we shall do it well to-night." We slacken speed as we ascend the slight incline to St. Neots, then entering level country in Bedfordshire we bowl along to Tempsford and Sandy (the residence of the Speaker of the House of

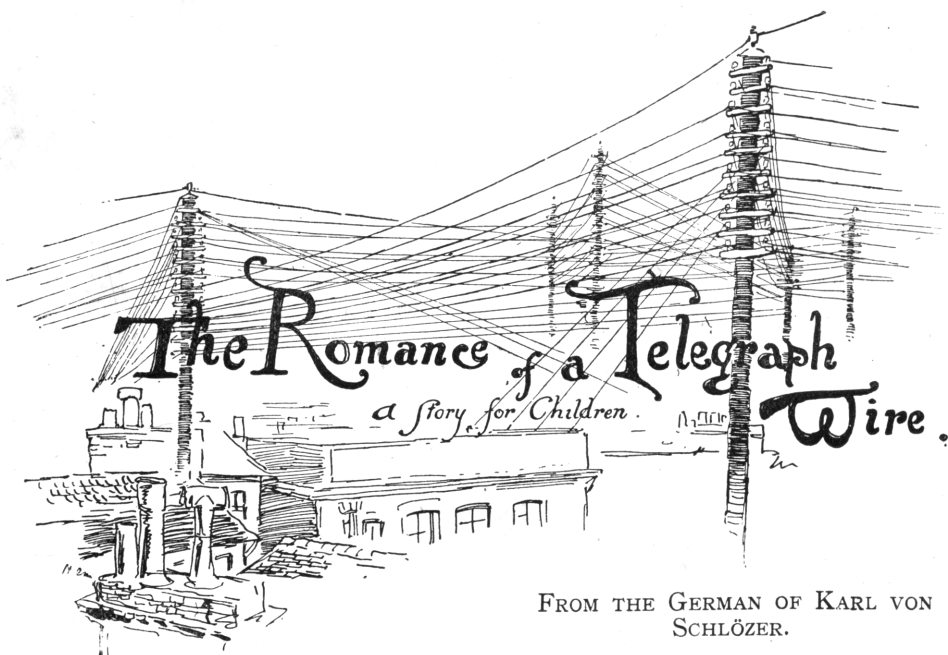
Commons)—sixty and a half miles in sixty-eight minutes. Owing to some repairs to the main line at Stratford Bridge Dyke, we are unfortunately compelled to shut off steam and diverge on to a siding, thus losing some five or six minutes, but this delay is quickly repaired as we put on an extra spurt to Biggleswade and Arlesey. Now we leave Bedfordshire for the county of Herts, and run up the bank to Hitchin, the signals at the junction being soon perceptible. As we rush through the station we find that we have reduced by four minutes the time lost at Stratford Bridge, and have a record of seventy-three miles in eighty-six minutes. After a stiff climb of four miles to Stevenage and Knebworth (the historic home of the Lyttons), away we go across fairly level country, through two tunnels, arriving at Welwyn Station (eighty-three and a half miles) in one hour forty minutes. Having climbed the bank over Welwyn Viaduct, we accelerate our pace, and quickly reach Hatfield, where, but for the darkness, we could readily discern the regal mansion of Lord Salisbury and the church surmounting the hill. We rush through Hatfield Station with terrific speed, pass Potter's Bar, and enter the county of Middlesex. As we are nearing the end of our journey, the fireman levels the fire to keep it low down, no further coaling being necessary. From

Potter's Bar to Wood Green, a distance of eight miles, is a steep down-gradient, and we seem to fly through the intervening stations and the tunnels at Enfield. When the lamps of Hornsey Station are passed, we have completed rather more than a hundred miles—time, one hour fifty-five minutes.

The distant glare of London's innumerable lights is now visible, and frequent whistling announces our speedy approach to the metropolis. "It's all over, sir," shouts Watson—an intimation that our journey is practically finished, and his responsibility over for this occasion. In Copenhagen Tunnel we slacken speed, the signals being against us; presently all is clear, off we go through our last tunnel, and the fireman, whose task is now at an end, sweeps the coal dust from the footplate. With steam shut off and the brake in action, oscillation gradually ceases, and we glide into the brightness of King's Cross Station, having accomplished the entire distance in two hours and three minutes.

Thus ended my memorable trip. With a friendly "good-night" to Watson and his mate, I step on to the platform and out into the busy streets, feeling somewhat dazed and fatigued, but otherwise none the worse for my night ride on the "Flying Scotchman."





FROM THE GERMAN OF KARL VON
SCHLÖZER.

HERE I am, in New York; and, as luck will have it, forced by circumstances over which I have no control to take up my abode close to the Union Telegraph Station; and worse still, in an attic, in front of which the telegraph wires of half the world seem to cross. In the daytime there is such a disturbance in the street that collecting one's thoughts is out of the question, and at night the wires moan and howl like souls in torment. Even as I write one of them is beginning to whistle. Ten to one it is the thick, fat wire just opposite my window, the most irrepressible of them all. Yes; I was not mistaken. Now the wretch is humming the refrain, "No rest for us by night or day." The other wires take up the tune, which seems to amuse the signal bell, for it is seized with such convulsions of laughter that it begins to ring aloud.

But this is more than I can stand, and, drawing up the blind, I fling open the window, muttering as I do so, and call out into the night:—

"Will you have the goodness to be quiet out there?"

A moment's pause, then the thick wire begins to speak:—

"Come now, that's rather hard lines! Pray, are we never to enjoy ourselves? The live-long day do we toil for you mortals—toil, I repeat, till I've actually got a stitch in my side with the effort, and then



"I FLUNG OPEN THE WINDOW."

in the evening you grudge us a little recreation!"

"Stitch in your side, forsooth!" cried I. "And do you think I can afford to be idle? Within an hour I must knock off an article for *The Morning Dispatch*—something new and thrilling; but while you make such a row my best ideas go."

"Ideas! ideas!" sneered my friend. "As if ideas were still needed in the nineteenth century! Nowadays, if you wish to write romances, you no longer invent, but experience them. I could write volumes from the facts that have come under my own notice. How many sighs, wishes, and hopes have I destroyed, accomplished, and buried! How many great and noble, how many small and mean transactions have I promoted and prevented!"

"Well, then, if you know so much," said I, mollified, "give me some of your experiences. I am all ears."

"All right," said the Wire. "I shall tell you the little history of Alice Parker and George Duff."

"What! George Duff? Dear, foolish old George, the friend with whom I travelled all through Italy, and with whom I made the bet in Sorrento that within a year he would be a happy husband! I heard afterwards that he had lost his heart in America, and, with his usual vagueness, only became aware of the fact when he was back in Europe."

"The same man," nodded the Wire, "and it is his story you are about to hear. I shall give you the seventeen telegrams relative to the affair, exactly as they passed through my hands. But if you are going to make use of my communications for your newspaper, you must mention no names. These are State secrets."

"Of course not," I promised, and so the Wire began its tale as follows:—

HE AND SHE.

A Novel of the Day in 17 Telegrams.

I.

To PARKER, Banker, Baltimore.

From GEORGE DUFF, London.

During stay in Baltimore, seized with fancy for your daughter Alice. Feel now I love her. Cannot live without her. Believe Alice reciprocates affection. Am independent. My mother consents. Beg for hand of your daughter. If no, answer unnecessary. If yes, wire. Shall start directly for Baltimore.

II.

To GEORGE DUFF, London.

From PARKER, Baltimore.

Alice loves you. Give my blessing. Come.

III.

To PARKER, Banker, Baltimore.

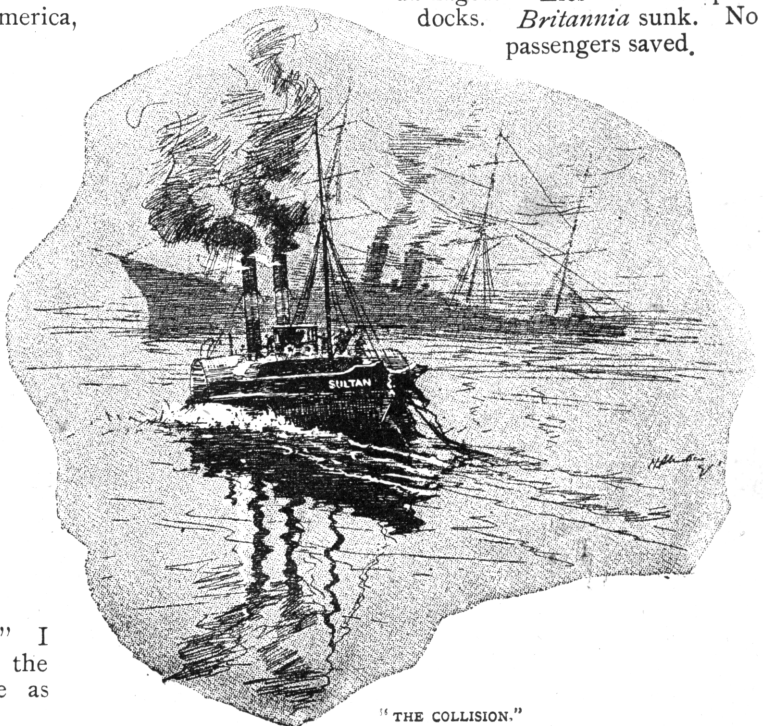
From GEORGE DUFF, London.

Start to-morrow, six o'clock, per passenger steamer *Britannia*. Much love, and many kisses.

IV.

Telegram of *The Times*.

Passenger steamer *Britannia*, bound for New York, during dense fog on Sunday came into collision with the packet-boat *Sultan* (Captain Johnston). *Sultan* severely damaged. Lies in Liverpool docks. *Britannia* sunk. No passengers saved.



"THE COLLISION."

V.

Telegram of *The New York Herald*.
The Times report of the sinking of the
Britannia as usual exaggerated. Passengers
 mostly saved.

VI.

To PARKER, Banker, Baltimore.
 From GEORGE DUFF, Funchal.
 Wonderful escape. Just landed here.
Britannia sunk through collision. Clung



"CLUNG TO MAST."

to mast, and drifted whole night on the
 sea. Following morning sailing-ship to
 Cape Town picked me up. Landed me
 at Madeira. Shall come first opportunity to
 Baltimore.

VII.

To GEORGE DUFF, Funchal.
 From BLACKBURN, Manager of Bankruptcy
 Court, Baltimore.

Parker, Banker, no longer exists. Partner
 forged and absconded. Other houses with
 capital shaky. Parker committed suicide.
 Letter from daughter awaits you here.

VIII.

To BLACKBURN, Baltimore.
 From GEORGE DUFF, Funchal.
 Where is Alice Parker?

(Answer paid.)

IX.

To GEORGE DUFF, Funchal.
 From BLACKBURN, Baltimore.
 Vanished!

X.

To Mrs. DUFF, London.
 From GEORGE, Baltimore.
 Just arrived. No trace of Alice. Says
 in letter too proud to bind me under
 circumstances. Don't return till I find her.

XI.

To GEORGE DUFF, Baltimore.
 From JOHNSTON, Captain of the *Sultan*,
 Liverpool.

Earnestly implored to return. On your
 evidence in *re Britannia* depend my honour
 and existence.

XII.

To Mrs. DUFF, London.
 From GEORGE, Baltimore.
 Duty recalls me. Can find Alice no-
 where. Go to-day to New York. Next
 day to England, per passenger steamer
Victoria. Am very miserable.

XIII.

To GEORGE DUFF, New York.
 From BLACKBURN,
 Baltimore.

Miss Parker su-
 posed to be in New
 York.



"VERY MISERABLE."



"SCREAM FROM LADY BEHIND COUNTER."

XIV.

To Mrs. DUFF, London.

From GEORGE, New York.

Found! Took advertisement about Alice to office. Scream from lady behind counter—Alice herself. Just going on steamer *Victoria* to Southampton, direct to London.

XV.

Telegram of *The Times*.

Fearful disaster! Incalculable consequences! Passenger ship *Victoria*, bound for Southampton from New York, arrived this morning. Shortly before landing an explosion took place on board. Four stokers wounded. Kitchenmaid missing. Origin supposed to be a Fenian dynamite plot. Two passengers—a gentleman and lady—suspected, and immediately arrested.

XVI.

Telegram of *The New York Herald*.

The Times report of the dynamite explosion on the steamer *Victoria* of course exaggerated. It appears that some samples of American tow had caught fire. The suspected passengers were, with many apologies, at once set free.

The telegraph-wire had spoken these last words rather faintly. Now he ceased entirely. "Not bad," said I; "the adventures of the worthy George have interested me deeply. Of course, the style of your story is a little abrupt, the development perhaps too rapid, and the matter does not seem to me quite original.

All the same, your memory is marvellous. But now for the conclusion. We have landed safely in the harbour of old England, have sailed round the cliff of dynamite, but we are anxious to know if 'he and she' arrive happily in the haven of matrimony?"

A long pause ensued.

"What, you are going to leave me in the lurch at the critical moment? I wish to know if I have won my bet? You continue silent. Possibly the young people have left London, and your lines may not reach further. Am I right?" Instead of an answer there is a knock at the door.

"My worthy reporter," said I, stepping to the window, "now I can supply the last chapter to your novel. Listen." And I read in a loud voice:—

To —, New York.

From GEORGE DUFF, Sorrento.

Blue sky. Sunshine. Sitting with my young wife on the terrace. Glorious honeymoon. Give us your blessing. You were right.

"Well, what do you think of that?" asked I, folding up the bit of paper.

But the Wire still said nothing, and when I looked more narrowly I understood his silence—he had fallen asleep.

"Come in." A telegraph boy appeared and handed me a telegram. I tear it open.

It is from—by Jove, it is—"Stop. Hi!" The boy was already downstairs.



"A GLORIOUS HONEYMOON."

The Queer Side of Things.

MOOZEBY

By J. F. SULLIVAN.

IT was just the day for a picnic, fine and balmy, and dis-counted by no probability of rain and hurricane; in fact, we had had a long spell of settled weather—nearly a day and a half—so we were all in good spirits.

We had selected a beautiful landing-place on the bank of the Thames, and had the additional advantage of the shadow of a large notice-board—a board declaring the land, river, air, sky, clouds, and other articles around and above, to be the private property of someone or other, and warning strangers not to land, fish, breathe, exist, or otherwise trespass near the spot. The shadow of this board served nicely to keep the rays of the sun from the butter and champagne. We only regretted that Moozeby had not been able to join us.

We were preparing to sit down to our repast, when Pinniger, looking toward the "table," expressed a fear that a mist was rising from the ground just at that spot. It really seemed so, although the place we had chosen for laying the cloth on had been selected on account of its apparent dryness. Yet there *was* a small patch of mist, rapidly increasing in density; so, deciding that there must be a small morass just there, we prepared to move the eatables to another place.

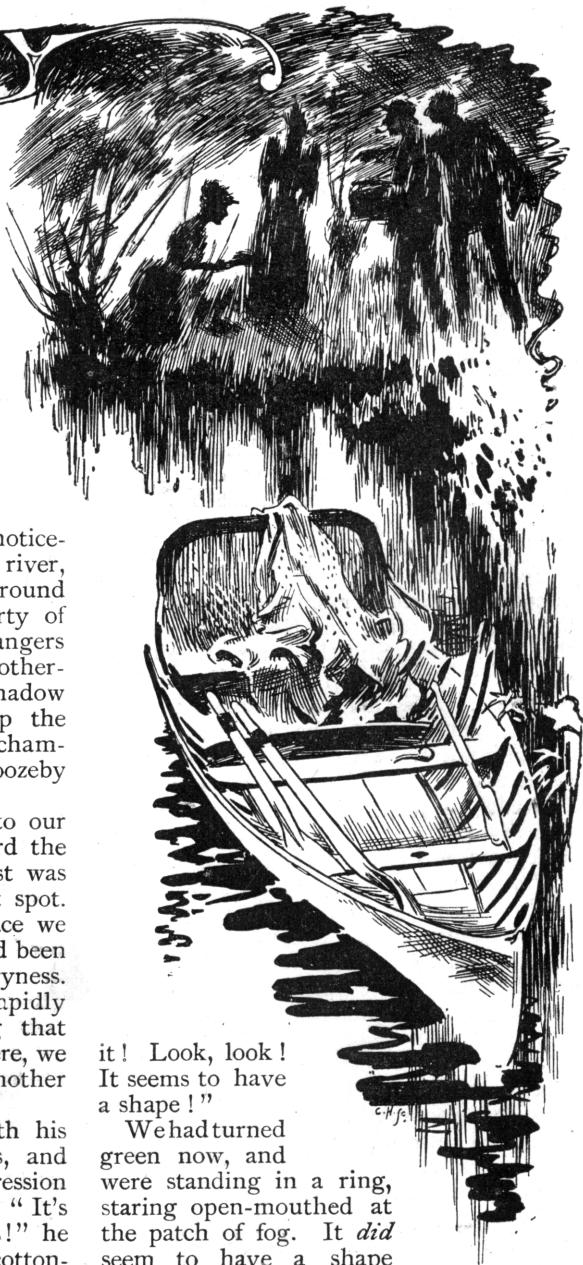
Pinniger thereupon stretched forth his hand to seize the dish of lobsters, and withdrew it with a strange expression of face; he examined his hand: "It's the densest mist *I* ever came across!" he muttered; "I can *feel* it—feels like cotton-wool!"

Then Maud Wimble—Pinniger's affianced—tried to reach the pie, and drew back *her* hand with a little shriek. "What is it?" she cried in a scared way; "I don't like it! I can hardly get my hand through

it! Look, look! It seems to have a shape!"

We had turned green now, and were standing in a ring, staring open-mouthed at the patch of fog. It *did* seem to have a shape certainly.

Joe Button, who was a stolid, heavy fellow, without any nerves, had another try at it; he tried to get at the butter, and did succeed in getting the point of a finger some little way in, but drew it back hastily



and turned green like the rest of us; for he and we could have sworn that we heard a sort of far-off voice crying, from the midst of that fog: "Here, I say! A joke's a joke—that hurts!"

Utterly paralysed, we stood watching that lump of fog. It was momentarily becoming more opaque, and more and more of the form of a man; then the form became rapidly clearer and clearer—until at length there sat Moozeby, solid and alive, on the viands.

"It's all right—don't be alarmed, any of you," panted Moozeby, wiping his brow as if after some great exertion; "there's no-



"THERE SAT MOOZEBY—ON THE VIANDS."

thing supernatural—I've only precipitated myself—been taking lessons in it. But, by Jove, where *have* I landed—Why—oh, I say, I'm awfully sorry!"

With this he got up from the provisions, the greater part of which were ruined; he had been sitting on the pie, the butter, the salad, the coffee-cream, the salmon, and the tarts. We upbraided him wildly.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry!" he said, humbly, "*awfully* sorry. The fact is, it's very difficult to aim properly when you're a beginner. You see, it's this way—when you're distributed in the air in the form of elements, it affects the sight to a great extent; and you really cannot see exactly where you are focussing yourself. You know, I could distinguish the group of you here in a vague way, and recognise you by your voices; but I was under the impression that I was precipitating my-

self on that tree-stump there, see? I really hadn't the faintest idea I was among the eatables—wouldn't have played a trick like that for the world! You know me."

We did know him for a good fellow, with a mind above jokes of that sort; so we forgave him.

"But, now, what the dickens are we going to do for grub?" we said.

"I'll tell you what," said Moozeby, "I'll take the Canadian, and paddle to Sonning, and get something. Won't be ten min—"

"I say, Bob, if you can precipitate yourself, what's to prevent you trying your hand at other things—raised pies and things?"

"Gad, I never thought of that!" exclaimed Moozeby.

"I wouldn't eat such nasty, unwholesome, supernatural things, for one!" said Mrs. Wimbledon, shuddering; and we all had some such feeling.

"Well, anyhow, it won't do any harm to try. Tell you what, I'll try on a sandwich, and taste it myself," said Moozeby. "Just help me wish for it, all you fellows; it might be an assistance."

Fixing his eye steadfastly on the top of Wortleworth's head, so that his attention should not wander, Moozeby stood perfectly still, grunting at intervals, as if engaged in a tiring effort. In a few moments a little patch of mist appeared over Wortleworth's head, and, in another few moments, there lay a freshly-cut sandwich, right on the bald patch.



"A LITTLE PATCH OF MIST APPEARED OVER WORTLEWORTH'S HEAD."

"Oh, I beg pardon—didn't mean it to come there!" explained Moozeby. He took the sandwich; we all smelt it suspiciously, and Moozeby nibbled a little corner of it.

"Upon my word, it isn't half bad!" he said. "It's ham—not American, I'll swear. It's remarkably good. I'll finish it, and chance it."

"Precipitate a dish of 'em, Bob; it won't be any bigger effort to do a whole dish than a single one, will it?"

He did it. We each took one, very nervously and delicately—with the exception of Mrs. Wimbledon—and turned it over, and smelt it. Each sandwich was beautifully buttered and seasoned, and



"MRS. WIMBLETON SHUDDERED."

looked most tempting. A notion occurred to us: we offered one to Tim, the Irish terrier, and *he* swallowed it, unhesitatingly, and did not die in a paroxysm, or catch fire; on the contrary, he licked his lips. We nibbled a corner; we ate those sandwiches, with the exception of Mrs. Wimbledon, who declared it was wicked, and a "tempting of Providence" (whatever that may be), and shuddered again.

"Go it, Bob, old man!" we cried in chorus. "Let's have some nice things—galantines, and so on."

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Moozeby, "let's make out a list—a race-hamper list—before I go to work. It'll be one effort for the lot."

"Yes, better order 'em all at once——"

"Ssh! Don't speak of it as 'ordering,' old chap. Mrs. Besant wouldn't like it if she heard; and there's no knowing if she does," said Moozeby.

The affair was a great success. We laid out a clean white cloth on the burdens of the boat, and Moozeby precipitated on to it a very choice and varied collation. There were minor blunders: he omitted to precipitate a dish for the mayonnaise. The wine was excellent—not at all like any one gets from a wine merchant; and the cigars had not that aroma of guano characterising those we obtain from Havana.

Beyond this, the new way of providing things was remarkably economical; and we all decided to lay in a large stock of wine for home use in that way. It is very strange to reflect that this useful power, exercised with so great facility by H. P. B. and our friend Moozeby, should have been so long neglected by civilised men! The more one thinks upon it the stranger it seems.

Presently it came on to rain, and Moozeby precipitated umbrellas and waterproofs. He was invaluable: no picnic is complete without a Moozeby. Nevertheless, these articles were not such a complete success as the viands; some of them hovered an unreasonable time in a nebulous condition, and one umbrella really only became solid in parts, and let the rain through the misty portions on to Pinniger and his young lady; but we arrived at the station in good spirits—to find our last train gone!

On inquiry, we discovered that we could, by waiting an hour and twenty minutes, get home towards morning by changing at Clapham-junction, Willes-



"THE LAST TRAIN GONE!"

den, and Loughborough-park. We were in dismay, when Pinniger was struck with a thought—

"Why couldn't you precipitate a special train, Bob?" he said to Moozeby.

Poor Moozeby looked fagged out, and said, "Fact is, I don't feel over fresh after precipitating all those other things. It's a bit of a strain; and a train's a big thing to undertake late in the day—the engine alone will take a lot out of me; but I'll do my best."

Accordingly, poor Moozeby, after a sip of brandy, went and fixed his eyes steadily on the line, while we all stood round, staring eagerly at the same point. The station-master, thinking something must be wrong, came up and asked if we had lost anything. "Sh!" whispered Pinniger hoarsely; "don't distract his attention—you'll spoil it."

So the station-master and the porters, and young W. H. Smith & Sons silently joined the group, and stared at the line too. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and then a grey vapour began to gather on the line, wavering uncertainly; for fully another twenty minutes it wavered and varied in density, and then the station-master began to grow anxious.

"Beg pardon—don't want to spoil the experiment, whatever it may be," he whispered. "But it won't do to interfere with the line in any way—it's against all rules."

It became obvious that we must let the station-master into it; to attempt to work a thing on so large a scale without taking him into the affair seemed positively rude; besides which, he might be able to assist Moozeby with hints as to the proper construction of a train. So we explained the matter to him.

The station-master shook his head decisively, and said it was against rules for strangers to place trains on the line; it was obviously to the common danger, par-

ticularly as the up express was due in twelve minutes.

This was serious; we advised Moozeby to run his nebula on to a siding out of danger, and go on with it there—if we could persuade the station-master to sanction it.

But Moozeby was very tired, and got flurried over it; he found that the half-solid train would not move, the engine not yet having arrived at a working condition, so he hastily attempted to precipitate a horse to drag it into the siding; but the horse behaved in a foolish manner, too, and finally took form with only three legs, one of *them* being filmy. Our nervousness and excitement grew intense—the express was signalled as having passed a point three miles away, and would be upon us almost

immediately; in our despair we jumped down on the line, and put our shoulders to such half-solid portions of Moozeby's train as we could find—but our exertions only made a jumbled mass of it, owing to the nebulous parts giving way; the rumble of the approaching express grew momentarily louder; the station-master and the porters and young W. H. Smith shrieked to us to come off the line; we scrambled madly on to the platform, yelling

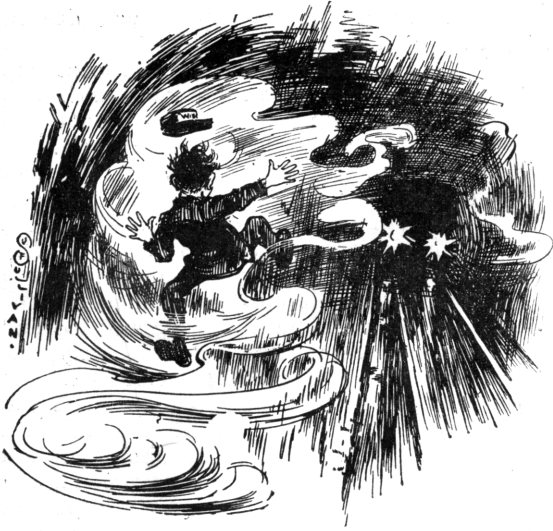
to Moozeby to dissolve his train as sharp as he could; Moozeby gasped and made one mighty effort; the express came thundering through the arch a hundred yards away; the station-master and porters and young Smith were nearly mad, and tried frantically to poke away the lumps of Moozeby's train with some poles.

The express dashed by, scattering the pieces of train in all directions, and whirled away out of sight.

Lumps of the scattered train were falling about us in every direction, some of them upon our heads; but they were so light that an umbrella easily kept them off: and we breathed again, for the express had escaped undamaged.



"MOOZEBY FIXED HIS EYES STEADILY ON THE LINE."



"THE EXPRESS DASHED BY."

The anger of the station-master was terrible, and he was at first about to give us all in charge; but we soothed him after a time, and Moozeby precipitated a diamond scarf-pin into his tie; and we shook hands with him, and trudged off towards the village to get beds.

Our path lay by the side of the line; and, when about a quarter of a mile from the station, we came upon a nice quiet siding, and Pinniger glanced at Moozeby.

"All right," said Moozeby, who had refreshed himself after his recent strain with half a bottle of champagne and the breast of a fowl; "I don't feel so tired as I did, and I fancy I might get on better now. I was flurried before."

This time he went to work more methodically. We all sat down on the waterproofs and the men smoked, while Moozeby commenced at the engine, to make sure of that at any rate. We had decided to limit ourselves to an engine and one carriage, to save Moozeby as much as possible.

But Moozeby wasted time and strength to begin with; for, knowing but little about engines, he half-precipitated a pumping engine, having, as Pinniger remarked, probably only ordered "an engine," without stating on the order-form the kind of engine required.

However, Moozeby tried again, and presently we had the consolation

of seeing a magnificent compound, leading - bogie, four - coupled locomotive gradually assuming shape; Moozeby was a little irritated on seeing this, as such a powerful engine was a waste of his strength, but he went on with it; and at length he declared it finished.

Still it didn't look quite right—there were parts through which you could pass the hand, which we were all convinced was not the case in an ordinary manufactured engine—however, we were glad to get anything.

Then Moozeby went to work at the carriage, but that came very, very slowly, for he was getting exhausted; and when it did appear he did not seem able to consolidate it properly. It would not set. There it was, however, and Thripling stepped into it; but the next moment we heard angry words coming from underneath it, and it turned out that Thripling had fallen through a part of the floor which had not set, on to the permanent way.

Then Moozeby got in and finished the precipitation of the floor of one compartment, and we all crowded into that; but presently Maud Wimble felt the part she was on getting nebulous again, and *she* found herself standing on the ground with her head and shoulders in the carriage. However, Moozeby patched it up again for the time.

Then we remembered that none of us could drive an engine, and poor Moozeby had



"AN ENGINE-DRIVER AT LAST."

to collect himself once more to precipitate a driver ; and here again he forgot to describe the particular kind of driver, owing to which he found he had precipitated a pig-driver, who was helplessly intoxicated into the bargain ; but he did precipitate an engine-driver at last, who set fairly well, except part of one leg, which remained cloudy, so that the man had to move about by hopping.

Then we finally got in and waited breathlessly for the train to move. It *did* move ! Very slowly, strangely, and creakily, showing that there was *something* wrong ; however, that did not matter so long as we could get home somehow. We requested the driver not to drive fast and recklessly ; and he replied that he was not likely to, with parts of the boiler like flannel, and requiring to be tied round with string to prevent it bursting.

That train never set properly ; every two or three minutes some part or other of it would become nebulous again, the whole requiring incessant attention on the part of Moozeby who was getting thoroughly knocked up, and was losing his power.

Once the driver's body and legs became a cloud ; and he called out to us that he couldn't undertake to drive in that con-

dition ; then the end of the carriage vanished suddenly into air, letting down a row of us on to the permanent way, and bruising us considerably. We were anything but comfortable, for we had to keep a very sharp look-out for trains which frequently came by ; and on these occasions Moozeby would have to make a wild effort and precipitate, in all haste, a siding for us to run on to, until the other train had passed.

At length Moozeby could be kept awake no longer, in spite of all we could do by pinching and running pins into him ; and the carriage, engine, and driver suddenly became soft—nebulous—air ; leaving us on the permanent way, many miles from London, at two in the morning.

We were dreadfully angry with poor Moozeby at the time—unreasonably so, when one considers how much he had done for us ; for after all said and done Moozeby is a very good fellow at heart, and his accomplishment remarkably useful at times ; particularly when he is fresh and his precipitations will set properly.

It is foolish to attempt such a thing as a train, when one is tired ; and, besides, it brings discredit on theosophy, and makes the uninitiated incredulous about it.







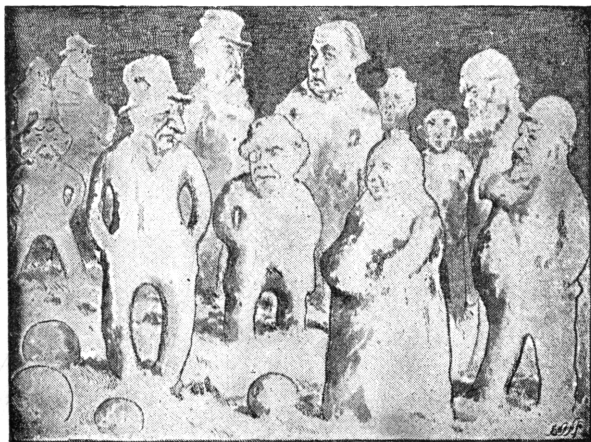
A MUSTARD PLASTER.



MAMMA—AT THE BAZAAR.



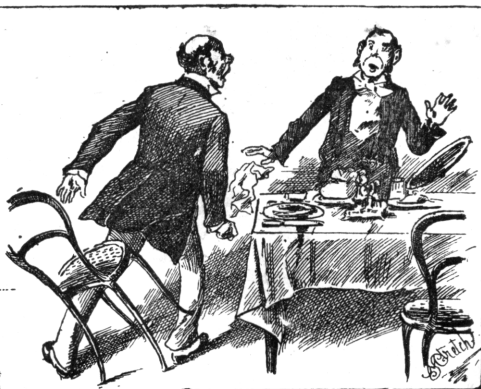
PAPA—AT HOME.



SOME CELEBRITIES IN SNOW.

STREET BOY: "NEVER MIND YER 'AT.
HOLD ON TO YER 'AIR."

AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE.



AT THE CLUB.

A DIFFERENCE OF DEMEANOUR.